The Relief Society Magazine

NO. 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 1957

Country Neighbors

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Two women walked through autumn dusk,
Their children following.
Where corn had stood in tasseled husk,
Where quail had taken wing;
Past hayfields where their men had talked
And marked warm days with laughter,
Past stubble gold, two women walked,
Their children romping after.

While jellies cooled upon the sill—
Their kitchens warm and sweet,
Two women talked of spice and dill,
Of pickled pear and beet.
A far goose etched the amber sky
And honked his parting call,
Two women, lingering, said goodbye,
At the fence of golden fall.

The Cover: Tiger Pagoda in Hong Kong, China
Photograph submitted by Luana C. Heaton

Frontispiece: Aspen in Autumn, near McClure's Pass, Colorado
Photograph by Bob Bishop

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I want you to know that my two married daughters enjoy your wonderful *Magazine* as much as I do. One daughter, Mrs. Joan Kershaw, lives in Ogden, Utah. . . . She presides over her home and family of five from her wheel chair, and gets many happy hours from our *Magazine*. My other daughter, Dorothy Cunningham, is now in far-off Okinawa with her airforce husband and little daughter. They enjoy the *Magazine* and Relief Society over there. She says she feels most at home in Okinawa when she is in Relief Society.

—Edith Weenig
President
Riverside Ward Relief Society
Salt Lake City, Utah

I sent a copy of the July issue of the *Magazine* (containing my article, "Let's Visit a Desert Botanical Garden") to Mr. Marshall of the Tempe (Arizona) Botanical Garden, and he said, quote: "Let me say that this is the first article written by an author outside of our staff which was factual and unobjectional in every way. Congratulations." That's meat and drink, isn't it, to a struggling author?

—Marijane Morris
Corrine, Utah

It was with great interest that I read Preston Nibley's account of the South African Mission (July 1957). As a child I attended those meetings with my mother, Edith M. Spanton, and learned the gospel hymns. She was converted to the Church by Elders Lyon and Simpkins and came to Utah in 1906. Strangely enough, in her later years, she sometimes served as baby-sitter for Brother Nibley's small twin granddaughters. As this is her birthday month, I am sending this letter in loving tribute to her memory and with everlasting gratitude to her and to those elders who made our coming to Utah possible.

—Edith S. Anderson
Berkeley, California

I did enjoy Edna Day's article "A Nursery Will Be Maintained," in the June issue of the *Magazine*. I am proud to be her friend. Relief Society has introduced me to so many friends—Frances C. Yost, Mabel Law Atkinson, Agnes Just Reid. Years ago, before I ever dreamed that someday I would be a Latter-day Saint, I sold romantic verse to national magazines—and I could usually count on appearing alongside Catherine Berry, whom I hope to see some day.

—Elaine Walters
Blackfoot, Idaho

I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation for the editorial "Pen in Hand" (by Vesta P. Crawford) in the May *Magazine*. I read it for the first time this morning, then immediately reread it, and now, this afternoon, I read it again and find it even more beautiful and vital, especially for Latter-day Saint writers.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I wish to express my pleasure in the article "A Nursery Will Be Maintained" (June 1957). It recalled to memory some of my own teaching experiences and the joy I find when some fine young man or woman comes up to me and asks "Do you remember me? You taught me in second grade," and I grope back through the years for the small edition I once knew. It is a wonderful privilege to be a teacher and have some small part in instructing and shaping these young lives. I always enjoy Frances Yost's stories and articles. Her versatility amazes me. It shows what determination and faith can do.

—Edith Johannesen
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I watch the *Magazine* with interest from month to month, and enjoy it very much. When I get back in Zion, I plan to try many of those wonderful recipes (from the missions) that have been published.

—Bernice O. Dyer
President
West German Mission
Relief Society

HE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

nthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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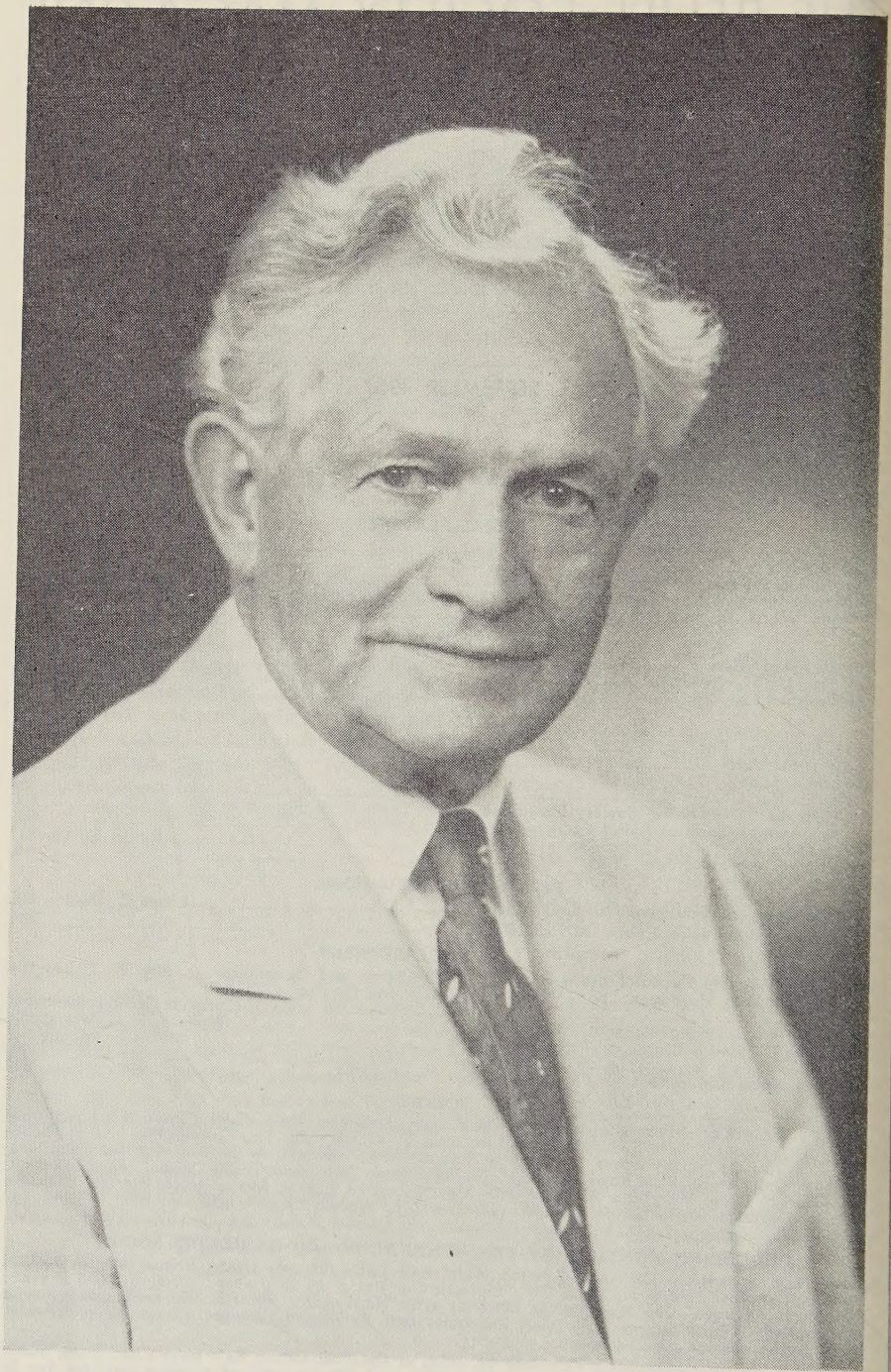

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PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

My Father—A True Leader

Birthday Greetings to President David O. McKay
On His Eighty-Fourth Birthday, September 8, 1957

Emma Rae McKay Ashton

PARENTS of the Church are admonished by their leaders to teach the gospel in their homes and to direct their children wisely at the ritical periods of their lives. Father, I appreciate your guidance through-ut my life.

It seems only yesterday that I pleaded to stay home from the kinder-rten class in Sunday School. You smiled and explained gently, "Oh, eryone in our family attends Sunday School on Sunday morning. Out the seven days in the week, this first one belongs to the Lord. It is fferent. It is his day—the day when, fresh and clean, your hair neatly rled, and wearing your best shiny shoes and crisp frock, you honor and orship our Heavenly Father in his house. Your spirit, as well as your dy, must be fed to become the lovely thing you want it to be."

Needless to say, after that, with you and Mother we filed happily to hurch. After Sunday School, permission to play on the slide and swings the park we knew would be denied, so we read quietly, or visited rela-ves. How secure a small child feels under the influence of parents who ve with a purpose and point the way of truth unwaveringly.

Not long after you returned from your mission around the world, ne day you seated me beside you and announced that it was time that was baptized. "Do you know what that means, Emma Rae? When you e immersed in the water, all of your sins are washed away. You emerge new person with a determination, I hope, to keep your life clean and veet. After you are baptized, you will be confirmed a member of The hurch of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and receive the gift of the oly Ghost to guide you in choosing the right when temptation confronts ou."

With deep appreciation, I recall a lesson in politeness that you ught me. Upon request, I arose from the dinner table to cut more read. Returning, and before placing the bread on the table, I helped yself to a slice. All you said was, "Always serve yourself last. Be mind-l of others first." That was enough. Although you said no more than hat, from then on, this lesson in courtesy was reinforced and indelibly tamped upon my mind by your daily practice of it.

Often you counseled, "It is the little things in life that count—the abitual use of 'please,' 'thank you,' and 'pardon me,' that are im-ortant." Sometimes, when our play was tense and our voices became hrill, you quoted King Lear's eulogy to Cordelia to quiet us: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Problems confront teenagers whose professors attempt in various ways to encourage disbelief in Christ's teachings. One day I was perturbed over the explanation in a university class that a separate spirit leaving the body and ascending to heaven is inconceivable. The professor illustrated his point with an analogy—comparing the body with the mechanism of a watch. When the mainspring of the watch breaks or important parts fail to function, the ticking stops. When the human heart ceases beating, the body dies. Your decisive answer strengthened my testimony. "Your professor forgets that the intelligence behind that watch still lives, and will go on living. Life is eternal." You explained that intelligence never was created nor can be; that heavenly parents created spiritual bodies in which the organized intelligences could dwell; and that the spirit bodies are permitted to be born into earthly bodies. By obeying the Word of Wisdom and exercising self-control, we keep unsullied the earthly tabernacles of our eternal spirits.

"A true leader," a noted educator defined, "possesses two outstanding qualities: first, consideration for the welfare of others; and second, the ability to help people understand their assignments." These qualities in you are evident in your piloting of this great Church. Your love, sympathetic understanding, and deep concern for the happiness of members of the Church, and your wisdom in counseling and interpreting life's purposes to your people have endeared you forever in their hearts.

Cool Grove of Language

Dorothy J. Roberts

I walked the cool grove of language
For healing; through untoned reams
Of silence, for a faith.
I moved down the long corridors
Of men's thinking and was assuaged,
For through all the groves stirred
The whisper of God's voice,
Root and bud . . . common to all.
I walked the cool grove of language
And in the green forest of words
Found my heart made whole.

Free Agency

Henry D. Moyle
Of the Council of the Twelve

Choose you this day whom ye will serve (Joshua 24:15).

THIS was the call of a great prophet of God to his people, to exercise their free agency. ɔ has it been in all generations of ne. Indeed, our free agency aches into the eternities.

Heaven wills our happiness, allows our om (Young, *Night Thoughts*).

We often have occasion to repeat ith approval the poetic words of Villiam C. Gregg:

ow this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be,
or this eternal truth is given
That God will force no man to heaven.

e'll call, persuade, direct aright,
And bless with wisdom, love, and light,
nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

These poetic words portray the uthor's deep insight into the inerent power of man. By and rough the inspiration of the Alighty, it is written:

Now there was no law against a man's lief; for it was strictly contrary to the mmands of God that there should be law which should bring men on to unual ground (Alma 30:7).

Free agency is a godly attribute which we share as his children. is our most priceless heritage. ike all other endowments from on igh, to benefit by it, we must exert urselves. Stamped indelibly on the inds of Latter-day Saints, is this uth:

"The glory of God is intelligence."

We are limited in the exercise of our free agency by the extent or degree of our intelligence. Joshua's choice of whom he would serve was an intelligent choice. He knew the alternatives when he chose the God of Israel. He realized that man could not be saved in ignorance. Throughout the history of the world, it is the ignorant who have been oppressed and deprived to the greatest extent of their liberty. It stands to reason that such a great gift from God entails equally great responsibilities upon the part of the recipient. We do not merit possession of this great gift unless we use it intelligently and beneficially. For this power of free agency to be functional, there must needs be a choice.

And men are instructed sufficiently that they know good from evil . . . (2 Nephi 2:5).

For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so . . . righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. . . .

And if ye shall say there is no law, ye shall also say there is no sin. If ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. And if there be no righteousness there be no happiness. And if there be no righteousness nor happiness there be no punishment nor misery. And if these things are not there is no God . . . (2 Nephi, 2:11, 13).

Without the inherent power to decide, man's ability to progress eternally would be destroyed.

Our voluntary efforts toward our improvement carry us along a very interesting road. The farther we travel, the greater becomes the scope of our opportunity. The more we learn the greater becomes the field of the unknown. Through it all we gain at least a vague conception of the infinite. It makes it easier to comprehend in some small measure the possibility of our endless, unlimited development. The finite mind has its limitations, but of this we can be assured, we are all able to grasp so far as we will the possibilities of progress within our own reach. Whether we stretch out our hand to secure for ourselves our opportunities, or let them pass by, is the office of our free agency. As we will, so can we succeed. In fact, our free agency is the foundation of life. It is controlled in large measure by our faith. Paul commented beautifully when he said:

> Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen (Hebrews 11:1).

Then he goes on in verse 6 to say:

> But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

We see, therefore, without faith it is impossible to progress. Faith in very deed motivates action. Without action there is no such thing as success. We sometimes err in limiting the scope of our free agency to man's religious needs. Like all other principles of the gospel, there is no circumscription. It is the controlling factor in all our human activities and considerations.

> Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be.
>
> All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence (D. & C. 93:29, 30).

LET us for a moment reflect upon what has been accomplished by the exercising of the free agency of man. It is natural that we should immediately turn to the establishment of our own great nation. The authors of the Declaration of Independence and the framers of our Constitution recognized the heavenly endowment of free agency in man in the great work which they accomplished. We read in the Declaration of Independence:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

The Constitution declares above all else that it was adopted to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

I quote from Article I of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

And in Article IX of the same ill of Rights is written:

> The enumeration in the Constitution, certain rights, shall not be construed deny or disparage others retained by e people.

This is an absolute recognition by ne government of the inherent right f free agency of man. He should e deprived of as little of his free- om as possible. None, as a mat- r of fact, without his consent— at is, the consent of the majority. ven then, the limitations placed pon man's free agency should be nfined to those essentials of gov- rnment by which our security is sured, and the individuals permit- d to live lives of liberty and to ursue happiness as they would.

The difficulty with all govern- ents, and one to which our own as fallen heir, is that the majority, y virtue of its right to place limi- ations on man's free agency, has ndertaken to infringe upon the ights reserved to the individual, for he direct and immediate benefit of he majority individually rather than or the establishment of law and rder. For example: the Constitu- ion expressly prohibits taking of ersonal property for public pur- oses without just compensation. Jnder the guise of taxation, the Constitution is violated and prop- rty is taken from one and given to nother. This demonstrates clearly he power to tax is the power to destroy. That is the course which ve now pursue. Even here it is a question of the proper use of our ree agency. The Constitution de- fines our rights. Our difficulties today come as a result of the use ve make of our own free agency in preserving and protecting these rights, which should be unalienable, as declared.

Freedom of worship, as well as political and spiritual freedom, has been lost to those who could not make relatively intelligent decisions pertaining to their own well-being. There has never been a dearth of men—cunning, crafty, unscrupulous —who were ever ready to oppress the poor, the weak, the ignorant. In so doing, they have, and do even now, operate in the sphere of almost every human activity. Their influence is felt economically, socially, politically, and religiously. The only difference in the various ages of man is the ability on the one hand, the opportunity on the other, for the few to oppress the masses and seek to control their destinies for their own selfish purposes.

IT is the influence of the true gospel of Jesus Christ which has helped to uplift men in their own estimation, brush aside the mists of darkness from the minds of men, and restore to them the ability to think and act in keeping with the laws of God, to grow in knowledge and understanding, each to become his own savior by willing to be what his righteous ambitions direct. All this spells progress. On the other hand, where people live in ignorance under the domination of others, little of their free agency remains. They have almost lost this gift and likewise almost ceased to exist as the children of our Heavenly Father. As the light of knowledge, the expansion of their powers of reason and perception dawns, their powers of decision increase and greater and greater freedom of ac-

tion is theirs. It is then, and then only, that the redeeming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ can lift them into the light and knowledge of God and his ways.

It is not alone governments that seek to enjoin us in the exercise of our own free agency. This has sometimes been done in the name of religion.

Such an injunction at once seeks to destroy under the guise of divine prerogative our free agency in determining for ourselves what is true or false.

I for myself have long since determined that a safe criterion by which movements political, social, or religious can be judged meritoriously is by their impact upon our Godly attribute of free agency.

God would not seek to destroy with the left hand that which he bequeathed to us with his right hand.

> Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning (James 1:17).

Neither would he leave to one man the prerogative, divine or otherwise, to choose for another what is right or wrong.

As noted, our Constitution recognizes that all men are created equal. Even God did not reserve this right to himself to control the mind of man.

> See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. . . .
>
> I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live (Deuteronomy 30:15, 19).

Let us, therefore, be so grateful for our rich heritage that we evidence our gratitude by the use we make of this eternal power to render our own decisions and to determine for ourselves what is truth on the one hand and error on the other. To do this, we are all equally endowed with our free agency. May we never find ourselves under the necessity of permitting others to make that decision for us. Let us all decide with Joshua of old:

> . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord (Joshua 24:15).

Summers Past

Gertrude T. Koven

How many seasons pass before the heart
Can realize the wealth of summertime—
Can know this transient beauty set apart,
To hold the sequence of each flowing rhyme,
Rich with assured abundance—summertime.

Summer once more retreating on the hills
And fading slowly in the cool of night. . . .
I pray that I may keep a summer hour
When leaves have faded and the winter's blight
Has settled on the years I count tonight.

sef Muench

MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

The Golden Net

Ethel Jacobson

Summer was green, so green it would never end,
Alders painted the sky over mirroring streams,
Emerald, jade—each leaflet dappled to blend
In a verdant canopy. Green was the color of dreams,
The green of willow, aspen, and mountain larch,
Of blackberry runners fagoting each lane,
Of foxgrapes in the wood, and the lacy arch
Of birches weaving summer's counterpane.
There time dozed in a peppermint-hued cocoon,
Time and I—but one night it grew still
And trees stood silent, snared by the yellow moon
In a golden net, stood shivering and chill,
Their color drained where meshes, magic-stitched,
Had stained and left them yellow, moon-bewitched.

The Southern Far East Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

EARLY in May 1955, the First Presidency announced the division of the Japanese Mission into two missions, to be known as the Northern Far East and the Southern Far East.

The Southern Far East Mission was to include Formosa, the British colony of Hong Kong, the Philippines, and the island of Guam. Herald Grant Heaton of Salt Lake City was appointed to preside over this mission.

The division of the Japanese Mission was ratified at a missionary conference held in Karuizawa, Japan, on July 27, 1955, under the direction of President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve. President Smith, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Evans Smith, had made the journey to Japan for the purpose of supervising the division of the mission and installing President Heaton as president of the Southern Far East Mission.

At a meeting of the saints and missionaries held in Hong Kong on

Photograph submitted by Luana C. Heaton

CHINESE JUNK WITH PART OF HONG KONG ISLAND IN THE BACKGROUND

wing Galloway

WINNOWING RICE, LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

ugust 17, 1955, under the direction of President Smith, the action of reating the Southern Far East Mission was again ratified.

A temporary headquarters for the mission was established at 149 rgyle Street, Kowloon, Hong Kong. The first missionaries assigned to bor in the Southern Far East Mission were Elders Garnet E. Birch, Robrt M. Jackson, Alexander K. Madsen, Gary L. Bradshaw, Kenneth Kui ing Fong, Ronald Ollis, Duane W. Degn, and Jerry D. Wheat.

In June 1956, four missionaries were assigned to Formosa; the first to oe assigned to that country.

The first baptisms in the Southern Far East Mission were performed on April 26, 1956, when Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Dickman, natives of England, were baptized at Hong Kong by Elder Leslie W. Degn. Five days later eleven Chinese converts were baptized in the mission home in Kowloon.

At the end of May 1957, it was reported that there were 284 members of the Church in the Southern Far East Mission, located in four branches. Luana C. Heaton presides over the Southern Far East Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this Magazine, "Pagoda in Kowloon, Hong Kong," was submitted by Luana C. Heaton, President, Southern Far East Mission Relief Society. See also "Recipes From the Southern Far East Mission," page 602.

A Temple Rises in New Zealand

Wealtha S. Mendenhall
Member, General Board of Relief Society

"IF any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." How grateful we are this day that our great Prophet Joseph Smith, when just a boy, was impressed by the above message; that it entered with great force into his heart, and he did seek in faith, nothing wavering, for needed wisdom from God many times. We are grateful that on the morning of a very beautiful, clear day in the early spring of 1820, Joseph knelt in prayer, and that he was visited by the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. At that time the Father introduced the Savior of mankind by saying, "*This is My Beloved Son, Hear Him!*" We are grateful that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in its fulness under the guidance and inspiration of the Savior through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that it is for all people wherever they are. Missionaries were sent out into the world, and the truths of our gospel have been proclaimed to hundreds of thousands of our Father's children.

The beautiful land of New Zealand was first visited by the Latter-day Saint missionaries in 1854, but it was not until 1881 that the missionaries from the "rising sun," traveling in pairs, prepared to live in the homes of the people, and to learn the Maori language and teach the Maori the gospel in their own tongue. The membership of the Church has grown since that time in New Zealand until we now have 14,630 members.

It was easy for this people to accept much of the doctrine of the Church, especially was it easy to accept The Book of Mormon. Brother Matthew Cowley, in his book *Matthew Cowley Speaks*, states that he had never met a Polynesian who had read The Book of Mormon who did not say: "That book came from God. That is our record." It was easy for them to believe in the words of the Lord, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." They do this constantly.

It was easy for them to accept the genealogical program of the Church, because their dearest interests in life are entwined about their posterity; their children are their prize possessions; they love them dearly. They recite their genealogy from memory for many generations. They continually speak of the fact that they are born of goodly parents. Yes, they are eager to go to the house of the Lord and there be sealed as husband and wife and have their children sealed to them for time and all eternity. They are eager and willing to go into a temple of God and be baptized by proxy for their ancestors and do their work, that they, too, may be sealed for all eternity.

These wonderful people of New Zealand and those of Australia, Samoa, Tonga, Tahiti, and other island people, have been and are

ndid Camera Studies
milton, New Zealand

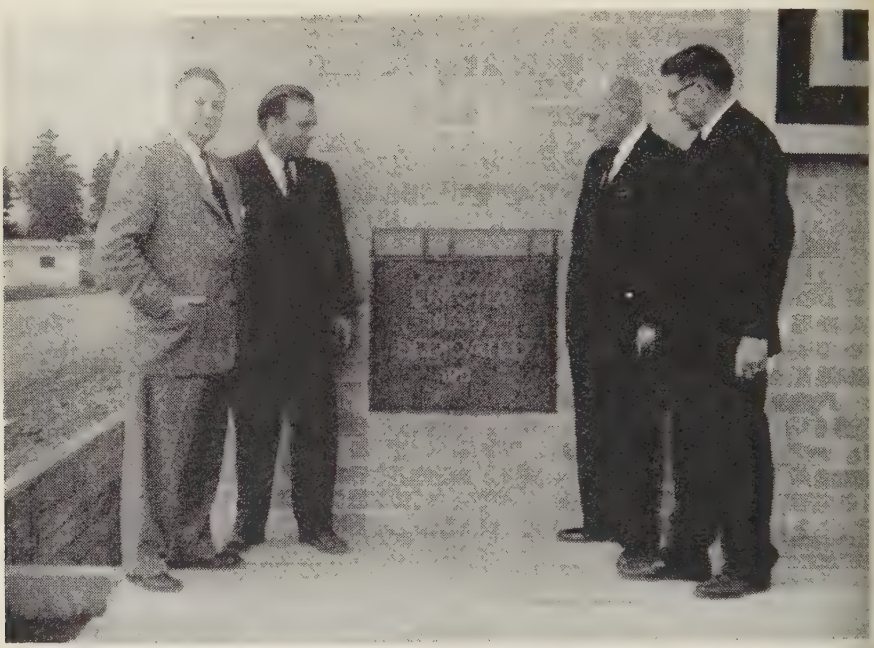
IE BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND COUNTRYSIDE, WITH THE TEMPLE AT THE UPPER LEFT OF THE PICTURE

ithful, humble, devoted members the Church. They love the Lord, d the truth is embedded deep in eir hearts. They enjoy their hurch work and live according to s teachings.

Many of these people have saved oney for years to take them to ne house of the Lord, but the nount needed is almost prohibi-ve, as they have large families and oney is not easy for them to ob-in. The majority of those faith-l souls who have traveled to lawaii to the temple have traveled eerage on a ship, with little or no ending money in their pockets, nd all that they owned has been old in order to make the trip. Yet ey were happy in the thought that they were saving themselves and their ancestors.

These good people have been told, in recent years, to stay home and save their money, to be faithful to the teachings of the gospel, and it might be possible to bring a temple to them. They have been waiting faithfully.

ONE day in December 1954, President David O. McKay called Brother Wendell B. Mendenhall into his office and assigned him to a special mission of investigating possible temple sites in the beautiful faraway land of New Zealand. This assignment was of a confidential nature, and it made it impossible for Brother Mendenhall, upon



Candid Camera Studies
Hamilton, New Zealand

AT THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE

December 22, 1956

Left to right: Elder Wendell B. Mendenhall, Chairman of the Church Building Committee; Elder R. Elwin Clark, a labor missionary; Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve; Elder Ariel S. Ballif, President, New Zealand Mission.

his arrival in that land, to let the people he loved so much know that their dreams were finally going to come true. However, it was quite enough at that time to tell them that the Prophet of God and Sister McKay were going to pay them a visit in approximately three weeks.

Imagine the thrill and excitement of those humble saints in knowing that President McKay was coming to their land! Many of them had never seen a prophet, now they would both see and hear one, maybe even shake his hand. No king had a greater welcome to any land than did the President of the Church have in the South Seas.

He retired early the night of his arrival and was up bright and early the next morning ready and anxious to look at the temple site that had been selected, although it had not been discussed since his arrival. He was met by Brother Mendenhall, Brother Biesinger, Supervisor of Church Construction in New Zealand, and others, and they drove through Church-owned property to a beautiful green rolling hill on the connecting farm. All stepped from the car and looked over the grounds and the new college that is being constructed there. President McKay's eyes were bright with what he saw, and a smile came upon his face.

e was happy as he looked over the l and could see the small cities ound; he could see the little lake short distance away, also beautiful nzing land for livestock.

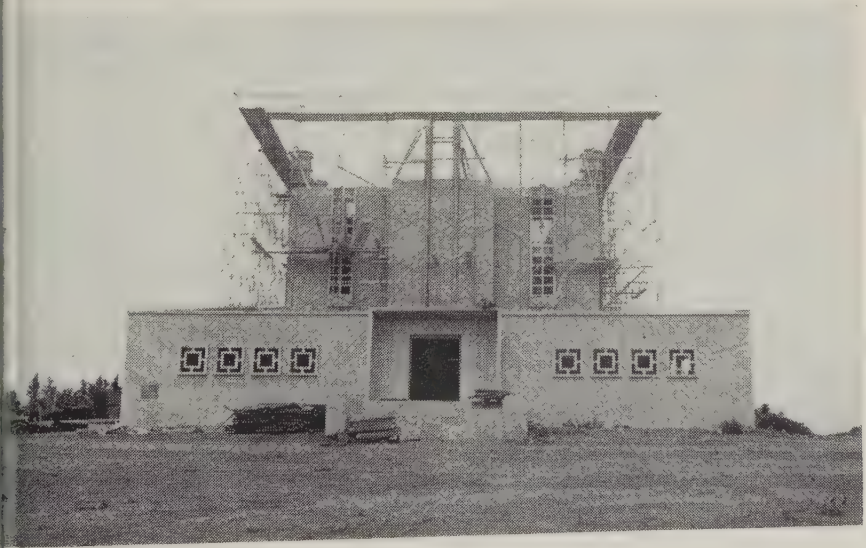
He called to Brother Mendenhall come to his side and said, "What you think?"

In reply to his question, Brother endenhall said, "What do you ink?"

Then, in an almost prophetic ne, President McKay said, "This the place to build the temple."

THE ground was purchased and the temple ground-breaking remony was held December 21, 55 at 2 P.M. President Ariel S. llif of the New Zealand Mission s in charge of the program, and proximately 1500 people attended. ter singing "We Thank Thee O od for a Prophet," and hearing ose words full of meaning ring out to all the inhabitants nearby, I thought of the words of the prophet Brigham Young when the Salt Lake Temple was being built. He said: "I want to see the temple built in a manner that it will endure through the Millennium. This is not the only Temple we shall build; there will be hundreds of them built and dedicated to the Lord. This Temple will be known as the first Temple built in the mountains by the Latter-day Saints." I kept thinking, and this temple will be the first temple built in the South Pacific by our Latter-day Saints; they will build so it will endure through the Millennium as their hearts, and all their strength will be in their work.

Thirty-six labor missionaries had been called from the mainland as supervisors for this work, and other Church buildings on the island. Brother E. Albert Rosenvall was



ndid Camera Studies
milton, New Zealand

THE NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

called to be supervisor for the construction of the temple under the direction of Brother George Biesinger. Two hundred fifteen labor missionaries were there from the Church membership of Australia, Tonga, Samoa, Tahiti, and New Zealand, living in small homes and dormitories they had helped to build while working on the New Zealand College and chapels in that area. These missionaries are supported by the membership of their missions, inasmuch as the New Zealand Temple will serve approximately 40,000 of the faithful people of those islands.

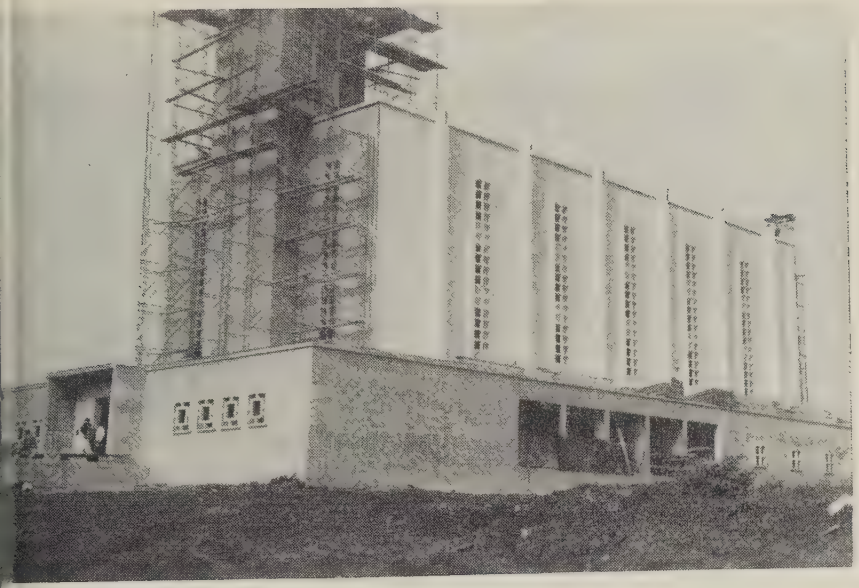
Work on the temple started immediately after the groundbreaking and hasn't stopped since. While serving the Lord, men and boys have learned their trades. One Moari boy said, "I didn't want to come here to work, but now I want to die here." They love their work, they love the association with other good-living boys and girls, they enjoy the Church work in the College Branch, and the spirit they feel in giving service. Work progressed rapidly under the missionary labor program, and, on December 22, 1956, the cornerstone was laid by Elder Hugh B. Brown. Hundreds of saints had gathered from far and near for this impressive ceremony, and many of them were able to crowd into the temple for the program, after which all gathered around the building on the outside under the beautiful sky of blue and the fluffy white clouds for the cornerstone laying.

Again, all missionaries renewed their determination to put their hearts and souls into the work in order to dedicate their temple unto the Lord around the beginning of 1958. From my apartment, I could hear singing from the early morning hours until long after the stars and the moon were shining brightly at night. How these people love to sing as they work! Yes, they are a chosen people.

THE temple is located on the North Island of New Zealand. It is about three miles west of the town of Frankton Junction, which is near the city of Hamilton. It is on the most prominent site of the Church property, and the main axis of the building extends east and west and is parallel with the main highway running on the west side of the temple, which is the Pirongia Highway.

According to Edward O. Anderson, architect, entrance to the temple grounds is by way of Temple Drive, which extends off Pirongia Highway at a ninety-degree angle. The drive has a rise of twenty feet from the highway, and the ground level of the temple is thirty-eight feet above the Drive, on a beautiful green rolling knoll, with native woodland nearby. This gives the temple a very imposing setting and makes it the most important and impressive building in the area.

The temple is of reinforced concrete and concrete block construction with cast stone trim, most of which was manufactured on the site by the native missionaries. It is built in three main floor levels, which floors are expressed in the elevation design. The annex of the temple extends around the temple proper, and is eighty-four feet wide



otograph by E. Albert Rosenvall

THE NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE NEARING COMPLETION
June 1957

d 159 feet long, which gives a or area of 13,358 square feet. This nex portion is one story high, the of of which is sixteen feet above e ground line. The temple prop- is fifty feet four inches wide and 4 feet long, and extends from the cond floor line to a height of fifty- x feet above the ground, which is e roof line.

The lower floor contains twenty- x rooms, the principal of which e: baptismal room, baptismal of- e, dressing rooms, matron's office, ildren's room, women workers' unge, men workers' lounge, laun- y, sewing room, kitchen, and din- g room. The oxen for the bap- mal font were modeled by M. F. Malin and were cast and the font sembled in Switzerland.

The main floor consists of twenty- our rooms, which are: entry, lounge, foyer, cloak rooms, inner foyer, chapel, president's office, counselors' office, recorder's office, general offices, dressing rooms, bride's room, consultation room, and linen room.

The second floor contains eight rooms, including ordinance rooms and two sealing rooms.

The second mezzanine floor contains two sealing rooms. Ventilating equipment is located both in the attic and in the basement.

All finished woodwork in the temple is rimu wood, a native wood, which was milled on the site out of lumber which was sawed and taken from the Church timber tract at Kai Kohe, New Zealand, 250 miles away. The main ordinance room is finished in both rimu wood and marble. The sealing rooms are finished in marble. All floor cover-

ings, both hard floor and carpets, furnishings, wall coverings, furniture, draperies, and other appointments were incorporated in the design of the building, and all harmonize and are in keeping with the general conservative-modern design.

A tower is located on the east side of the temple and extends ninety-nine feet above the roof line. It is built of concrete block and reinforced concrete. On top of this tower, pointing towards the heavens, is a bronze spire which was manufactured in England. Yes, the beautiful bronze spire reaches heavenward, just as the prayers of the choice people of the South Seas have done. They have prayed to our Father in heaven for needed wisdom. They have done so in faith, nothing wavering. God has given to them liberally, and their prayers, their dreams, their very hearts' desires will soon come true. A temple of God is to be dedicated April 20, 1958. This will be a great occasion for those choice people of Israel who dwell in the islands of the sea. May God ever be with them.

Tour of Pennsylvania

Margery S. Stewart

This is Christ Church, the driver said,
Underneath you are the stones
That house their folded, ancient bones.
They who builded, all lie dead.
This is her house, the driver said,
This red brick floor, this hearth, the loom.
She made the banner in this room.
But she who cut out stars is dead.
This is Valley Forge, he said.
. . . The dogwood blossoms, loosed from heaven,
Made, in the day, a lovely leaven . . .
But all the valiant ones lie dead.

How then in Christ Church, heard I prayer?
. . . Let this place, Lord, become thy root,
For tree of holy, greater fruit. . . .
Nothing lives as long as prayer.
From Ross house still, there flies today,
A starrier banner than before,
And one beloved by millions more.
How new, alive, her flag today.
On sweeping hills of Valley Forge
A ghostly sentry stands apart
And challenges the inmost heart . . .
Nor death . . . nor death at Valley Forge.

The Heavenly Bonus

Rosa Lee Lloyd

KALLIE'S dark brows puckered thoughtfully as she sat at her desk looking through the files of the Bay View Club Heart Drive.

Cliff would be home any minute now, and what would he say when he told him she was the newly appointed captain of the Drive beginning tomorrow?

He would be proud of her, no doubt, because it was an honor to be captain, but he would be amused, too. Cliff always saw the funny side of everything, and he would think it was very funny for Kallie to expect people to have money put away for a heart drive when she and Cliff were always on the slippery side of their budget.

An ironic smile pouted her lips as her fingers went through the cards from the Maple Street district where she and Marge Johnson, her first lieutenant, would canvass tomorrow. The Richard Starks had given ten dollars last year, and even dear old Mrs. Heaslip who lived next door to the Starks had given five dollars.

How did they manage? Kallie wondered as she closed the file. How did they do it? She and Cliff never had a cent left over, not even enough for a little nest egg in the bank, and that had always been her dream—a nest egg.

She heard Cliff's key in the lock, and she stood up and hurried to meet him. Her heart bounced high the minute she looked at him. His blue eyes were shining, his red hair was ruffled, and he danced her around the living room while he whistled the catchy new polka they had learned at the dance at Mutual last night.

Cliff was a cut-up at home, and Kallie often wondered what he used for dignity in the stuffy law offices of Allen, Burk, and Edwards where he was the junior partner.

He swung her onto the sofa and flopped down beside her, his bright head in her lap.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards," she laughed, out of breath. "My heart—it's offbeat!"

"Well, now, Mrs. Edwards, I think you'll live till morning—at least stay around until you hear the good news!"

He stood up, buttoned his coat, smoothed his riotous hair, and looked down at her with elaborate solemnity.

"Madame, you are now looking at a gentleman who has just received a bonus of one hundred dollars from Mrs. Jasmine Clipper."

"The estate you took care of!" Kallie exclaimed.

"The same, my love. Now this little bonus" Cliff tapped his pocket, "was given to me because the family thinks I did a good job."

He did a rapid tap dance, rubbed his hands together, and beamed down at her.

"So, as your legal adviser, let me recommend a vacation. First, we'll celebrate our wedding anniversary which begins Thursday night . . . ."

Suddenly his eyes were wistful, and he sat down beside her again, cuddling her close in his arms.

"Remember, darling, a year ago

at the reception. There you were standing beside me so little and yet so queenly. That lovely little thing, I kept telling myself, is now my wife."

His kiss was warm and very tender, and Kallie thought how kind and considerate he was. But he was impulsive, too, and headstrong and a little bit careless when it came to money. They still owed some on their furniture and the refrigerator, and yet he was planning to spend this extra hundred dollars on a vacation! She couldn't let him do it. She just wouldn't!

THEY should put this money away for a nest egg, Kallie decided, hoping she could think of some way to convince him without a quarrel. They had only quarreled twice since their marriage, and both times it had been over money; once when Cliff brought home the expensive plant she had admired in the window while they were out for a stroll. Her eyes went to it now in its gorgeous copper container. The purchase of it had meant economizing for a month.

And the other time, oh, it was so silly Kallie didn't even want to remember how cross she had been when Cliff paid thirty-five dollars for a fishing rod and reel. And then they hadn't been able to afford the trip!

She could feel Cliff's arms tighten around her now. She pressed her head against his tweedy shoulder. She loved him so. There was nothing she wouldn't do for Cliff, no sacrifice she wouldn't make for him. But she had to make him realize how important it was to put this money in the bank.

"Cliff—listen . . ." she began.

"Oh, no, you listen to me, sweetheart. Hear that musical ripple? That's mountain water bubbling over pretty rocks. Now look closely. See those shiny trout darting around down there? Um-m. Smell those big pine trees, and feel that good earth under your feet. We'll have one week of rest, melting in the bright Wyoming sunshine, fishing all day and eating at the Wagon Wheel Inn in the cool, cool evening. For seven long beautiful days we'll forget the budget and the stuffy office. Seven days of sun and stars and fishing. Boy, how we need it. No office routine, no dishes for you, no pinching pennies . . . ."

"I don't mind pinching pennies, Cliff," Kallie interrupted.

Cliff patted her head.

"You're sweet, Kal. But I've heard women complain."

Kallie sat up. Her dark eyes were very bright.

"Look here, Cliff Edwards. If you're planning a fishing trip because you think I'm tired of keeping house you're very wrong. Very wrong."

He pulled her back into the circle of his arm.

"I'm not through dreaming. Now look, pretend this is the menu at the Wagon Wheel Inn. Suppose we order trout for breakfast, and the lobster thermidor for luncheon and a big steak for dinner. Or would you like a salad with special sauce?"

Kallie's mouth folded in.

"If you don't mind," she said significantly, "I'd like the hundred dollar bill on the half-shell, just served plain as a nest egg, without sauce!"

The silence was awful. Cliff drew is breath in and held it tightly. hen he leaned back against the ounge as though he was suddenly red. Even his bright hair seemed o wilt down over his ears, and the ay, expectant twinkle went out of is eyes.

"Say that again," he said.

His voice was shocked and unbeeving like a little boy who has st been told that the circus isn't oming to town.

"Maybe I didn't hear you right, oney — the part about wanting it r a nest egg. Do you really mean ? Because if you do—it's all yours -you know that. Anything I have yours—anytime."

Kallie felt a stinging behind her es. But she was determined. One f them had to be sensible.

"Oh, Cliff—it's just that I worry metimes — because we're not savg anything."

"We're keeping up insurance," e reminded her. "We're paying ur tithing regularly. We're buying bond—we're paying taxes. But if 's a nest egg you want—okay."

Some of the blue sparkle came ack to his eyes as he opened his allet, took out the hundred dollar ill, and handed it to her.

Kallie stared at the picture of enjamin Franklin in the center of . It's a brand new bill, she thought. o doubt this was only small change Jasmine Clipper. She couldn't ave known that it would be a small rtune to Kallie and Cliff—that it as the difference between living on budget and being a young couple ith money in the bank.

"Well — it was fun, while it sted," Cliff said as he stood up. Ie squared his shoulders and Kallie noticed again how tired and shaggy he looked. "Brother!" he went on, "what a flop I'd be without my imagination! Now, tell me, what's for dinner? No . . . ." He put his hand up. "Don't tell me—let me guess. . . ." He sniffed the air. "Sauerkraut and franks," he added, dismally.

Kallie ignored the downbeat in his voice. She stood up, too, smoothing her hair.

"And now let me tell you some big news,"she said spiritedly. "You are looking at the new captain of the Bay View Heart Drive, Mrs. Clifford B. Edwards—twice lieutenant, twice high score, and now captain. Beginning tomorrow Marge Johnson and I canvass our district."

Cliff began to laugh. He put his hands on her shoulders and rocked with laughter.

"Someone is going to dig deep," he guffawed. "Scotchy Edwards on the job. Please, Mrs. Hoozit," he mimicked in a high falsetto, "can you let us have ten dollars for the Drive? Oh, I know money is as tight as pinfeathers, but think how noble you'll feel, Mrs. Hoozit, if you give us ten dollars. . . ."

Kallie wanted to cry. Cliff could be so exasperating!

"Oh, you!" she burst out. "Don't be so funny. You should be proud of me."

She pushed her way past him to the kitchen.

"Let's eat," he said, heading toward the dinette, picking up the evening paper on his way.

She turned around.

"You don't need to bite my head off," she said.

Cliff looked down at her. His

eyes had a peculiar, speculative twinkle.

"No—I don't need to bite your head off—but it might taste better than sauerkraut."

Something was wrong, Kallie thought. Some magic had gone from the evening, some lovely warm feeling had disappeared—where or how—she didn't know. Now there was just a hungry husband who wasn't too pleased with sauerkraut and frankfurters, and who ate in a moody silence, his eyes glued to the sport page of the evening paper.

AT ten-thirty the next morning, Kallie waited on the drugstore corner for Marge Johnson. Marge was a swell companion for a job like this, sturdy, rosy-cheeked, dependable Marge. She wasn't easily discouraged, Kallie thought gratefully, remembering last year when some of the girls were ready to give up when the Drive was half over.

She sighed now, thinking how every day of life took a little more courage and grit. If she had given in to the way she felt this morning, she would still be in bed with the pillow over her head so nobody could see she had been crying. Because she *had* cried in the middle of the night. Lying there beside Cliff as he tossed and turned and mumbled in his sleep, she had felt disturbed and restless, too. So she had pulled the pillow over her head and cried silently because Cliff needed a vacation and because, she added, feeling almost sick, she *wouldn't* break that hundred dollar bill. That was going in the bank. They had to have a nest egg.

Marge turned the corner, looking as fresh and eager as a girl scout.

"Whew! Did I have to hurry," she laughed as they fell in step and hurried down Maple Street.

Kallie drew a long breath. She had to put her heart into this campaign. The Bay View Club expected her to make an outstanding record in this district.

"If I do say so, Kallie," Marge was saying, "I'm proud to be your first lieutenant. You were really tops last year."

"Here's our first prospect," Kallie said, "1080 Maple Street. Let's see what the book says."

She looked at her notes. "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stark. He's a bank clerk. They gave ten dollars last year—they live on the east side of this duplex."

Marge rang the bell but there was no answer. The house seemed dead inside. They were walking back down the porch steps when they noticed a note stuck in the mailbox.

"Guess this is for anybody," Kallie said, reaching for it.

"Dear Postman," she read, "we don't live here anymore. Mr. Stark's address is the Bekins Hotel and mine is Carol Ridgeway Stark, Denver, Colorado."

Kallie's throat tightened. The Starks had broken up. But why? What had they quarreled about? Could it have been over money? she wondered with a sick feeling.

"Sounds like trouble," Marge said. "Makes me feel—sort of sad."

"Me, too," Kallie agreed. "And besides—that's ten dollars we won't collect."

Marge sighed.

"You get to know so many people doing this, all kinds, and their troubles — but you can't let it bother you."

"No—not too much. But it's hard not to."

They stopped in front of the next house.

"Mrs. Heaslip lives here," Kallie told Marge. "She's seventy-five—lost her husband a few years ago—she lives on a pension. She's such a sweet little thing I love to call on her. She'll have a cookie or something ready for us. And she gave five dollars last year."

"Does she live here all alone?" Marge wanted to know as they walked down the narrow path between the rosebushes leading to a small house. A lilac bush was a splash of purple at the side of the porch, and a little hose, spouting water, twirled gaily on the apron-sized lawn.

"All alone," Kallie answered.

The front door was open, and as they stepped onto the porch, a flutey little voice called: "Who is it, please?"

"Hello, Mrs. Heaslip," Kallie called back. "It's Mrs. Edwards of the Heart Drive—it's our annual call, remember?"

"Bless you, I do remember, Mrs. Edwards. Come right in."

MRS. Heaslip came to the door, and Kallie thought how dainty she looked this morning. Her white hair was neatly curled and a little lace collar matched her apron.

"This is Mrs. Johnson," Kallie said.

"My! You do look pretty, both of you." Mrs. Heaslip motioned for them to sit down. "Now, do stay long enough for a glass of milk. I always have one about this time every morning."

"We'd love to, Mrs. Heaslip," Kallie said. "I told Marge about your cookies, that special kind with brown sugar."

Mrs. Heaslip beamed. "Well, that's nice. Now first we'll take care of our business."

She walked to the bookcase, lifted an old volume of poetry, opened it and took out a five-dollar bill.

"I had it put away for you," she said, handing it to Kallie. Her eyes had mischievous little sparks in them. "You both make yourselves at home while I get the cookies."

Marge leaned back in the old rocker, picked up a magazine, and began to read.

But Kallie couldn't relax. She sat very straight on the edge of her chair, folded the bill thoughtfully, and put it in her purse. Then she wrote a receipt for the five dollars, asked Marge to excuse her, and hurried out to the kitchen with it. She wanted to talk to Mrs. Heaslip about so many things because she was so wise and understanding.

She hestitated in the doorway, watching Mrs. Heaslip take the golden brown cookies from an old china jar and put them on a small silver tray.

"Mrs. Heaslip," she began. "I was just wondering—what happened to the Starks, next door?"

Mrs. Heaslip edged another cookie on the tray and dusted her hands on her apron.

"Well, now, honey," she said very gently. "I really don't know. Maybe they didn't take the time to get along together."

Kallie swallowed hard.

"Was it—over money?" she asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

Mrs. Heaslip puckered her lips and shook her head.

"I really don't know. . . ." She looked at Kallie with eyes as clear and blue as the morning sky.

Kallie bit her lip. "I just wondered," she said. "I thought—maybe—other people had troubles—like mine. . . ."

Mrs. Heaslip's eyes narrowed as she motioned her toward a chair near the table.

"Sit down, pet," she said, and her voice caressed her like a soft wind. "You've got a worry. You look real sad this morning, Mrs. Edwards. Would you like to tell me about it?"

"Yes—yes—I would, Mrs. Heaslip. Really—it seems so silly when you say it out loud—but it's so serious to me. It's about my husband—and some money."

Kallie knew she could trust Mrs. Heaslip, and almost breathlessly she was unloading her heart; she told her about the bonus and Cliff wanting to spend it all for a fishing trip, and how she had asked him to give her the money, instead, because she knew Cliff would spend it all.

Mrs. Heaslip listened without interrupting. Her hands were busy pouring tall glasses of fresh milk. But there was a faraway look in her eyes and a perky little smile made her mouth young again around the edges.

"I'll be right back," she said and disappeared into her bedroom. She returned in a second with a rare old figurine in her hands.

"My Charlie bought me this," she said significantly, her eyes holding Kallie's steadily. "I didn't think he could afford it at the time. He bought it fifty years ago when we were on one of our holidays."

Kallie couldn't answer. She sat there quietly looking at the figurine as Mrs. Heaslip put it on the table between them. She dusted it carefully with a napkin.

"I'll tell you about Charlie," she said, "because it might help you to make allowances for your own husband. That's one way to learn things—from each other."

She stopped talking and Kallie touched her hand, eagerly.

"Do tell me," she coaxed.

"We lived in Park City," Mrs. Heaslip went on. "Charlie was a miner. Worked long hours down there in a dark mine. But you never saw a man love light and beauty more than Charlie did. And fun! He could work right along with the steadiest of them for a spell, then he just had to have a holiday in the sun."

A smile gentled her mouth and she sat thoughtfully a moment.

"Funny thing how Charlie always got a little extra money for his holiday. He always said the Lord gave it to him, and it did look that way. He used to call it his heavenly bonus. We'd be scrimping and saving to live within our income and then out of nowhere some extra money would come to Charlie!"

Mrs. Heaslip's smile was very wise.

"It never occurred to him to put some of it away, but I always held out for tithing and fast offering and twenty per cent in the bank. But I agreed on the holiday. Most men who work as hard as Charlie have to have a vacation every so often.

He liked to ride and hike in the sun. It seemed to give him a fresh start."

Kallie's throat pinched in as she thought how Cliff loved the sun, too.

"Charlie had his faults," Mrs. Heaslip went on dreamily. "He spent money too freely, and his temper got edgy after he'd worked too hard, but he always took me on the vacations with him."

She touched the figurine, turning it so the morning sun shone on it. Her fingers caressed it.

"Marriage is a give and take," she said softly. "But it's worth it. My husband was a fine man. We couldn't save a lot of money, just our insurance and the twenty per cent I set by, but our vacations kept us well and strong. 'When we're old,' Charlie used to say, 'we'll look back and remember them.' And we did just that."

Mrs. Heaslip quit talking and Kallie touched her hand gratefully. They sat there quietly without speaking for a moment. The old-fashioned clock in the hallway chimed eleven o'clock. Cliff would be working hard now on a new case, she thought with a sigh. He had worked steadily ever since they had been married without a change of any kind. He had spent long hours at night searching through stuffy old law books. The senior members had given him most of the tedious work because he was the new member. He did need a vacation, she conceded achingly. Heavenly Father must have known that he needed one when he gave him the hundred dollar bill. And she would be contented if they saved twenty per cent.

"Mrs. Heaslip," she said, getting to her feet, "may I use your phone? I want to call Cliff."

"Of course, dear," she answered. "It's in the hall."

Kallie turned at the doorway, smiling over her shoulder at Mrs. Heaslip.

"I want you to meet my husband when we come back from our fishing trip," she said. "He's a very wonderful man."

Mrs. Heaslip smiled and her blue eyes were twinkling.

"Husbands are very wonderful people," she murmured. "Don't you ever forget that, young lady!"

Drowsing in the Sun

Ida Isaacson

I smell the smoke from Mt. Vernon
And view Monticello way.
A chat with Patrick Henry
To pass the time of day.
Recollect about the doings
At Pennsylvania's Carpenters' Hall;
Talk about the Declaration
What it will mean for all.

See the farmer-warriors
Who saved the country, set it free,
Now building a Constitution,
Making precedent for humanity.

Ho-hum, drowsing in the sun . . . .
I must wake up
And get my own work done.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

HAWAII: Hawaii is a group, or rather a string of sunny islands of a gentle tropical climate . . . embosomed midst the placid waters of the Pacific, 2,100 miles southwest from San Francisco and nearly the same distance north from Tahiti. An offspring of the sea, the result of volcanic unheavals, their origin verified by extinct craters fastened here and there amidst the hills and on the mountain heights of the group, and by the still blazing fires of that molten lake — the fiery Kilauea. Of the ten islands two are little more than barren rocks, two are used exclusively as cattle ranges, and the six principal ones are luxurious in bloom and beauty. . . .

—M. A. J. Lambert

THE QUERY

Shadow and sun are alike to the Giver!
His hand in wisdom appointeth the way,
The glory He willeth beyond the dark river,
Will solve all the mystery shrouding today. . . .

—H. W. Naisbitt

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA: I think it is not strange that we pause for a moment in this enlightened day to pay a tender tribute of praise to the silent suffering hearts that have labored, yearned and died for the cause of Liberty and the prosperity of our nation. Labored in silence and devotion, caring for no other honor than to be worthy wives and mothers of our heroes and noble men. Since the day when the Queen of Castile offered her jewels to the dreamer of Genoa to carry him out into the sea of darkness, into the unknown world, the patient, loving sacrifices of women have not only followed but lead in every movement for the cause of humanity, and the glory of the New World. . . .

—Emily Ray

RELIEF SOCIETY IN SAN FRANCISCO: Feeling sure the sisters in Zion would be pleased to hear something of the mission work here in California, I shall . . . tell of the Relief Society organized by President E. H. Nye, June 3, 1897. . . . Sister W. A. Rattenbery was oppointed President; Isabella Y. Sewell First Counselor; Harriet Simpkins Second Counselor; Chircazade Woodward, treasurer; Ida M. Sarll, secretary and teacher. There are about twenty-eight members in all, and a more earnest, loving band of sisters could not be found on this beautiful earth. . . . Much good is being done, several quilts have been made, besides the mending being done each week for the Elders. . . .

—Ida M. Sarll

ADVERTISEMENT: Mrs. Kate Bridewell Anderson, formerly of New Orleans, and recently of Ogden, has opened a vocal studio in Unity Hall. . . . Operatic repertoire a specialty.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. GRACE GOODHUE COOLIDGE, widow of former President Calvin Coolidge, died July in Northampton, Massachusetts. her youth she taught the deaf d dumb, and as a widow she de- ted much time to civic, social, and ligious work, particularly Red oss. Intelligent, unassuming, and usewifely, she was also a very acious first lady. Mrs. Woodrow ilson, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, d Mrs. Harry S. Truman are now e only living wives of former nited States Presidents.

N Iran, where women do not have suffrage and their fathers select eir husbands, there are, neverthe- ss, fourteen magazines edited by omen. The oldest, *Shokoofeh* (*The Blossom*) was first published rty-three years ago. It has been ppressed from time to time—for s too radical stand—about fourteen ars altogether. Its motto is: "A ewspaper of literary, ethical, hy- enic, household, and children sub- cts; its purpose, the upbringing of rls, the purification of feminine hics."

THE Oakland Women's Rowing Club is an organization of old- women who row crew boats week- on a beautiful salt water lake of 50 acres in the heart of Oakland, California.

DR. VIRGINIA CUTLER, Latter-day Saint, headed the Home Economics Department of the University of Utah for eight years. Many of her dreams and ideas went into the building of the handsome Sill Home Living Center. Dr. Cutler recently fulfilled a two-year assignment for the United States Government in Thailand, and is now working similarly in Jakarta, Indonesia.

MRS. FRANK BOYD, "Mother Mame," worked in the print shop of Kansas University at ten cents an hour to put herself through college. For fifty-two years since graduation, she has been a journalist. Elderly, but very active, she still works full time and has recently addressed two Rotary clubs and a Business and Professional Women's club, and the National Press Women's convention in Texas. She has been active on the State Board for Tuberculosis for thirty years and has worked for many years on the Crippled Children's Commission. For seven and a half years she has been active—and is the only woman on a nine-member board which has greatly improved the mental hospitals of her State.

FRANCES McMILLAN, an American doctor, past eighty years of age, is still vigorously practicing medicine in Mexico, where she began her career in 1901.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 SEPTEMBER 1957 NO. 9

Her Choice

MARY sat puzzled and uncertain after the two older children had left for the first day of school. She had not mentioned her dilemma to Jim the night before, but had decided to reserve time this morning to think her problem through so she would make the right choice.

She had been flattered when Mrs. Juke had called her the day before. Motioning to the children to be quieter so she could hear, Mary had been thilled to be asked to join a group of women who met twice a month as a study group. They were recognized as leaders in the community, and there was flashing in Mary's mind, all the time she was talking, plans as to how she might manage to join this desirable club.

Much as Mary wanted to become a member, by the time Mrs. Juke finished her invitation and outlined the plan of the club for the coming season, Mary had not been able to see her way clear, so she had asked if she might think it over for a day. Mrs. Juke still sounded cordial and assured her she could let her know in a day or two.

Now Mary sat trying to make her plans for the fall and winter which would allow her time to join the club which met on Wednesday afternoon. Over and over Mary considered her schedule and finally admitted to herself that she couldn't attend Relief Society every Tuesday and the club on Wednesday twice a month. She would have to choose between them.

* * *

A similar situation confronts many Latter-day Saint women; but when a choice is to be made, there are always guideposts to point the way. These consist of the influence one's choice will have on loved ones, and the words of the prophets.

In 1942, on the hundredth anniversary of Relief Society, the First Presidency wrote a greeting to Relief Society in which they stated:

> We ask our Sisters of the Relief Society never to forget that they are a unique organization in the whole world, for they were organized under the inspiration of the Lord bestowed upon that great Prophet who was divinely called, by a visitation of the Father and Son in person, to open up this Last Dispensation, the dispensation of the Fullness of Times. No other woman's organization in all the earth has had such a birth.
>
> This divinely inspired origin brings with it a corresponding responsibility, in consecration to service, and in the loftiest loyalty to the Priesthood of God and to one another. The members should permit neither hostile nor competitive interests of any kind to detract from the duties and obligations, the privileges and honors, the opportunities and achievements of membership in this great Society.
>
> The prime, almost the exclusive allegiance of every member of this great group, runs in this field to their fellow members and to the organization. Members should permit no other affiliation either to interrupt or to interfere with the work of this Society. They should give to Relief Society service precedence over all social and other clubs and societies of similar kinds.

We urge this because in the work of the Relief Society are intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization and sufficient for all general needs of its members (*A Centenary of Relief Society*, page 7).

Relief Society extends a warm invitation and welcome to every Latter-day Saint woman, whether she, of necessity, works and may not attend regularly, or whether she can join in all the activities of the society. Eternal blessings, earthly joys and satisfaction await each member, as she brings comfort and understanding to others.

* * * * *

Mary remained very still for a time as she weighed the advantages and disadvantages of her situation. Suddenly her mind resolved the question and, with a glad countenance, she dialed Mrs. Juke's number.

—M. C. S.

To Aunt Cetty's Old Blue Bowl

Matia McClelland Burk

I like to sit at evening
And watch its soft blue glow.
It crossed the harsh and dreary plains
In a handcart long ago.

It once companioned weariness
And tragic loss and pain;
It held the frugal sustenance
Of those who crossed the plain.

Then, when they reached the valley,
Its lupine-colored grace
Still comforted Aunt Cetty's heart
In that far, lonely place.

And when her heart was lifted
In plea or thankful prayer,
As blue as any April sky
The bowl was standing there.

Now still the bowl can touch my heart,
And like an azure wraith,
It brings back dear Aunt Cetty,
With her courage and her faith.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Magazine Subscription Price Raised to $2

Effective November 1957 Issue

THE general board has consistently maintained *The Relief Society Magazine* subscription price at the lowest possible figure, as it feels that every Relief Society member should be a subscriber. However, increased costs of publishing the *Magazine* over the past ten years, now make it imperative that the subscription price be raised from $1.50 to $2 a year. The general board, therefore, announces that all *Relief Society Magazine* subscriptions which begin with the November 1957 issue and thereafter, will cost $2 a year. It will not be possible to allow subscribers whose subscriptions begin in November, or later, to subscribe ahead of time at the current price of $1.50. Foreign subscriptions remain at $2.00.

The general board regrets that today's high cost of living must also be reflected in the cost of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and asks the continued loyal support of Relief Society officers in the stakes, wards, branches, and missions of the Church. The work of *Magazine* representatives in placing the *Magazine* in Latter-day Saint homes has been one of devotion and faithfulness. The response of Relief Society members and their expressions of appreciation for the contents of the *Magazine* have been gratifying, and the general board enlists their continued support and loyalty to the *Magazine*.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE Annual General Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 2 and 3, 1957. The general session will be held on Wednesday, October 2, from 2 to 4 P.M. in the Tabernacle. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents ask their bishops to announce in the wards the general session of the conference to which the general public is invited. Attendance at the Officers Meeting on Wednesday morning, October 2, from 10 to 12 in the Tabernacle, and the departmental meetings held Thursday morning and Thursday afternoon, October 3, is limited to stake board members and mission officers. A reception to which stake board members and mission officers are invited will be held on Wednesday evening, October 2, from 7 to 10 in the Relief Society Building.

Nothing Worth Having Is Free

THE food we eat, the clothes we wear, the homes we live in, the cars we drive — even the leisure time to enjoy them in — and all the inner satisfactions of life — all these must be bought with effort and sacrifice.

Let's look at some examples. Take friendship. You may win friends easily, but it will cost you something to keep them: time spent on daily

kindly deeds; the thoughtful letter or card of remembrance; the timely word of encouragement; the constant consideration.

The price of education is study. Business success can be bought only through hard work; savings for the future through present self-denial.

So with the development of our talents; the ability to play the piano, to paint a picture, to bake a cake, to excel in any art or skill comes only with effort.

Personal health and physical and mental strength must be earned by the exercise we take, the kind and amount of food and drink we put into our bodies — or abstain from.

The trust of friends is built on the keeping of promises. Financial credit belongs to those who pay their bills.

Even Church membership with its present and future blessings is not yours for the mere asking. To belong you must add obedience; to receiving you must add sharing. These are the works you must add to faith if you would earn the good things of earth and the blessings of heaven. They are the price we must pay for happiness here or hereafter.

So strive, share, serve, save. In other words, pay up, because it pays.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the Southern Far East Mission

Submitted by Luana C. Heaton

Cantonese Diced Chicken With Walnuts

½ chicken
6 mushrooms (a small can)
1 c. walnuts
2 tbsp. soy sauce
1 c. cooking oil
1 tbsp. cornstarch for coating chicken
½ tbsp. cornstarch (mixed with a little water for sauce)
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. sugar

Shell and dice the walnuts. Remove 4 tbsp. of oil from the 1 cup and set aside. Heat the remaining oil and fry the nuts until they are a golden brown. Remove from the fire and blot on heavy Manila paper. Clean and dice the chicken. To tenderize, sprinkle with 1 tsp. cornstarch. Pour the 4 tbsp. of oil in a hot frying pan, add the diced chicken when the oil is smoking hot. Stir for one minute. Have the cornstarch, sugar, salt, and soy sauce thoroughly mixed together and pour the mixture over the frying chicken. Dice the mushrooms and add them to the mixture in the frying pan and stir for five minutes until the mushrooms are tender. Remove from fire. Mix in the deep-fried walnuts before serving. Serves 4.

Chinese Beef and Onions

3 large onions, chopped fine
½ lb. beef, cut in thin strips
4 tbsp. oil
2 tsp. cornstarch
2 tbsp. soy sauce
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt

Mix in the cornstarch, 1 tbsp. soy sauce, ¼ tsp. salt and dredge the meat in the mixture. Saute the meat in 2 tbsp. oil. Fry the onions in the remainder of the oil, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. soy sauce, and ½ tsp. sugar for a few seconds. Add the sauteed beef and thoroughly heat. Serves 6.

Shanghai Spring Rolls

8 large mushrooms, fresh, dried, or canned
1 onion, chopped fine
½ can bamboo shoots
½ lb. bean sprouts
1 tbsp. ginger, chopped fine
½ lb. lean ground pork, dredged with:
3 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tbsp. salt
1 tbsp. cornstarch

Cut bamboo shoots and mushrooms and saute them. Then add the soy sauce. Saute onions. Saute the pork with the vegetables and add the ginger. Spread ½ tbsp. of the pork and vegetable mixture on a pancake. Fold sides and roll, moistening the edges with water to hold them together. Fry the rolls in deep fat until brown.

Pancake Batter

eggs (beaten)
c. water
2 c. flour
1 tsp. salt

Beat the eggs, add the water, flour, and 1 tsp. salt. Heat a small frying pan with ½ tbsp. oil; pour a very small amount of batter in the bottom of the pan. The pancake should be very, very thin, it should cook less than a minute, only long enough to set. Continue until the desired number of pancakes is reached. Serves 6.

Formosan Pork

½ lb. pork, cut in small pieces
3 onions, chopped fine
½ head cabbage, finely shredded
3 green peppers, cut in small pieces
3 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tbsp. ginger, chopped fine
1 tsp. sugar
pinch of salt
3 tbsp. oil

Heat oil in pan; add meat and onions. Fry until well done. Add soy sauce and cabbage; cook until cabbage is done. Add ginger, peppers, salt, and sugar. Serve over hot rice. Serves 6.

Fish a La Mindanao

2 lbs. fish (white)
½ c. salad oil
1 clove garlic
1 medium onion, cut in small pieces
2 medium tomatoes
1 tsp. Spanish pepper
1 egg
salt and pepper to taste

Cut fish in individual pieces and deep fry until golden brown. Make sauce: mince garlic, add onions and cubed tomatoes, boil the vegetables in 1 c. water until soft. Press through a sieve. Add 1 beaten egg to liquid. Simmer until the liquid thickens. Pour over fried fish. Serve 8.

Sweet-Sour Fish

lbs. fish (white)
c. oil
tbsp. oil
c. sugar
cornstarch paste
2 tbsp. cornstarch
4 tbsp. soy sauce
2 c. mild vinegar
1 large onion, chopped fine
3 tbsp. chopped ginger

Clean fish; make diagonal slashes on each side, leaving the flesh adhering to the bones. Dredge well with the cornstarch paste. Heat pan, add 3 tbsp. oil, hold the fish over the pan of deep fat, and baste the slashes with the hot oil until brown, then fry in deep fat until crisp. Prepare sweet-sour sauce by mixing oil, sugar, cornstarch, soy sauce, and vinegar. Add onions and ginger and boil for a few minutes. Pour over fish. Serves 6.

Recipes from Guam

Submitted by Helen Bateman

Guamanian Fried Chicken

1 chicken
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 - 2 c. vinegar
salt and pepper to taste

Lay the pieces of the cut-up chicken in a bowl. Cover each layer with thin slices of onion, salt, pepper, and minced garlic. Pour vinegar over all. Occasionally, tumble the chicken through the vinegar. Marinate overnight (about 18 hours). Drain chicken and fry in deep fat until crisp and brown. Serve hot or cold.

Guyoria (Coconut Doughnuts)

2 c. coconut milk
1 c. sugar
½ c. water
flour
coconut oil
powdered sugar

Add sugar to coconut milk. Then add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll into balls the size of marbles. They are also nice elongated. Fry in coconut oil until brown or deep-fat fry in other oil or fat. Make syrup of sugar and water by combining ½ c. water and 1 c. sugar. Drop the balls into the syrup and remove immediately and then dust with powdered sugar.

In making coconut milk, grate the meat of a medium-ripe coconut. Add about 2 c. water. Mix water with coconut and then pick up a handful and squeeze milk into another bowl. Continue until the coconut is dry. The coconut may then be dried or toasted and used in other cooking.

Rosquette

½ c. shortening
1¼ c. sugar
3¼ c. cornstarch
2 eggs
1 c. flour
1 tsp. salt
3 tbsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. lemon
1 tbsp. vanilla or 1 tbsp anise

Cream shortening and add sugar and continue creaming. Add eggs and beat until creamy. Add flavoring. Sift cornstarch, flour, baking powder and salt together and add the sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture, a little at a time. Roll into balls about 1½ inches in diameter and until about 5 inches in length. Take each end and bring around toward you into a pretzel shape. Bake in a 300° oven until golden brown about 20 to 25 minutes. Cool until crisp in pan. Remove and store in tight can. (In a cold climate milk may be added to make the dough soft enough to roll.)

Only These

Mabel Jones Gabbott

There was the day we found the coral rock,
The day we ran barefoot the sea-walled walk,
Then came the night and stars were doublecast
In sea and velvet arc; those days are past.
Where you walk now, I no longer know;
And I mislaid the coral long ago.
. . . . Only these remain for me:
The velvet stars, the sea, and memory.

For This I Have Yearned

Mabel Law Atkinson

"THERE now, Michael John Terrance, Junior, I think you look handsome enough to please Michael John, Senior, when he comes home, don't you? You know I believe you and I together will make a rather pleasing picture to greet your father on this very special occasion."

Margaret Terrance, who ten minutes before had been hoping and even praying that the children would stay asleep until after Michael came, so she could be looking her very prettiest to greet him, held her small son at arm's length as she continued, "Yes, you will do nicely with your hair combed and your face shining. In fact you are adorable, Michael John, Junior."

"I'm Mickey, Mother. Don't you know?"

"Yes, darling, you are Mickey; but you are also Michael John Terrance, Junior." She gave him an impulsive hug and continued, "And at three-going-on-four, you are a small replica of your father."

"What does *plica* mean, Mother?"

"It means that you and Daddy are alike as two peas, though one is small and one is large."

Before another question was forthcoming, Margaret held little Michael close and said, "Grow up to be just like Daddy, won't you darling? Just like him in every little way."

"I will. I love Daddy, too, Mother."

"Now let's finish our preparations. Everything must be perfect for Daddy tonight. If only Tommy and the twins will stay asleep. You see I must get fixed up pretty, too."

"You are always pretty, Mother."

"Thank you, Mickey; but even you must admit I'm prettier sometimes than others. And this must be one of the times when I'm prettiest. Now you sit in the big rocker and look at your picture book while I make myself beautiful. Daddy mustn't miss too much not getting a gift this year."

At that moment a cry from the bedroom told her that the baby had awakened sooner than usual from his afternoon sleep.

"Oh, dear, just when I needed time more than anything else! Mickey, can you be Mother's big man and rock the cradle? Perhaps Tommy will go back to sleep and not waken the twins."

"Sure, Mother. I know how to rock the cradle."

Soon Margaret heard the gentle rhythmic creak of the loved old cradle that had soothed all her mother's babies, and the cries ceased.

She took one last inspection of the table, set in the dining room for the occasion, and decided it was perfect. She smiled, knowing Michael would exclaim, "My, my, the prettiest cake ever!" when he saw the white-frosted creation with "Happy Anniversary" done in tiny pink flowers, with five pink candles in the center.

Then she slipped quickly into her prettiest afternoon frock, patted her curls in place, and she was ready with about ten minutes to spare before Michael would arrive.

She was congratulating herself on

the luxury of these moments when Mickey called from the bedroom, "Mother, Tommy won't go to sleep, but he's good as can be, and the twins are awake, too, so may I quit rocking the cradle?"

There goes my luck! thought Margaret. Oh, well, every cloud has a sparkling lining, if we but look for it. Who knows, perhaps a diamond one this time? Her thoughts were racing ahead as she called cheerfully, "Yes, dear, you may stop now."

She went into the crib-filled room, kissed Mickey as she thanked him, then lifted Mary and Katherine, plump little cherubs of two, from their cribs, took up wee Tommy, and smiling at the dew-sweet wonder in three pair of eyes, said happily, "I'll tell you what! Let's all be waiting at the gate for Daddy tonight. All his family. That can be his gift, his smiling family to welcome him home. Come, only a few minutes to brush curls and put on fresh dresses. Daddy will be starting home by now."

MICHAEL, walking home, was taking great strides that spoke his eagerness. Under his arm was a long slim parcel. "Not much of a gift," he mused rather ruefully "but even pennies have to be counted these days." Then a smile illuminated his features as his thoughts raced on, "Four little Terrances and only five years married! I just hope Margaret never regrets taking me instead of Robert Barker. Now he would be bringing her five dozen instead of just one red rose." He sobered at the thought.

He was half a block away when he saw them: Margaret holding up two-months-old little Tommy for him to see, and Mickey holding the hands of the twin girls. His face broke into smiles again and he held out his arms. The three children ran to meet him squealing their delight. With a twin in each arm, his parcel still under one, and Mickey hugging one of his legs, he came to Margaret, and in a way known only to fathers whose love is all-embracing, he included her and baby Tommy in his already overflowing arms.

"Tiss me! Tiss me!" chorused the twins as he kissed his wife.

"You little imps! I've already kissed you, but here's another, and now Mother must have one more, too."

"Better kiss Mickey again, too, darling," whispered Margaret as lips pressed her cheek.

"Now you three girls can walk to the house. I want to carry my two sons." He put down the twins, picked up a laughing and dancing little Mickey, kissing him as he did so, set him on one shoulder, gave him the parcel to hold, and held out his free arm, saying, "Mother, put my wee son in this arm, will you? There, that's fine."

Margaret took a hand of each of the little girls, and with laughing voices, tripping feet, and singing hearts, the happy group entered the house.

"My, my, the prettiest cake ever!" Machael caught the implication in Margaret's twinkling eyes and defended himself by saying, "It really is the prettiest. You see it's the only one that has had five candles to light. Imagine, Mrs. Terrance!

Five long years! Think you can manage another five?"

"With flying colors, my dear. I long to be ten years married to a certain Michael Terrance. No fifty years married! Sounds so matronly and serene and secure."

In almost no time baby Tommy was in his buggy near the table, the twins were in their highchairs, and Mickey on his special chair his father had made just the right height for him.

"FIVE years married! Where's that box? Oh, here, Margaret," Michael handed the long, slim parcel to her as he spoke. "Open your fifth anniversary gift."

"But Michael, you shouldn't have! You know we decided together." But her fingers flew and her face glowed her pleasure.

"I know, dearest, but I couldn't resist just one."

"One perfect rose! Oh, Michael, you couldn't have given a nicer gift."

"It should have been five at least, if not five dozen."

"No, Michael, one is even more beautiful. One perfect rose . . . in my crystal vase! I love perfection, and you have given it to me." As she placed the rose in water in the sparkling vase, she repeated softly, "'If eyes were meant for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being,' thank you, darling." And she drew him down to her to place a kiss on his forehead.

The anniversary dinner was a joyous affair, with Daddy helping to feed Mary and Katherine. Before he lit the candles, Michael had little Tommy in his arms. And how four pairs of wee bright eyes danced, and two mature pairs glowed as the candles burned!

"Sure there are no regrets, Mrs. Terrance?" Michael's voice was music so low Margaret could barely hear.

Regrets? . . . thought Margaret. Then time spun backward. Again Robert Barker was saying, "And Margaret, there won't be any children for at least five years. Just you and I loving each other. Why life will be one long, delightful holiday for us, with one or two children perhaps."

"Regrets?" Margaret said it aloud this time and looked into four perfect little faces, thinking, for these and more I have yearned all my life. For this was I born. Then, lifting her eyes, clear and shining, to her husband's, she answered, "No regrets. Happy anniversary, darling!"

Seed of Lace

Maryhale Woolsey

Summerlong, the country lanes
Were delicately bordered
With frothy "Queen's Lace," airing as
"Her Majesty" had ordered.
But summering is over now,
And all the fragile laces
Repose in tiny satchels, packed
For travel to far places.

The Bright Star

Chapter 7 (Conclusion)

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan who wishes to become an artist, lives with her Aunt Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old-fashioned house overlooking San Francisco Bay. She had planned to accept an office position offered her by a neighbor and friend of the family, Phineas Fenton, but her Aunt Em suffers a partial stroke, and Kathy remains at home to care for her. During her illness Aunt Em mentions something about a sea chest in the China house and a Bright Star, which Kathy believes may hold the secret of her parentage. Her romance with Jim Parker finally comes to an end when Jim becomes interested in Lina Carlson, a neighbor, and decides to marry her. In the meantime, Marc Hale, a stranger, rents the China house and gives Kathy encouragement in the painting of a picture which she intends to enter in an art scholarship contest. One day, during Marc's absence from the China house, Kathy finds the Bright Star, an intricately embossed locket which contains the pictures of Marie and Phineas Fenton, Jr., whom Kathy decides are her parents.

KATHY found Aunt Em sitting exactly where she had left her. She hung her slightly damp jacket over the back of a chair to dry.

"Well," she said, "I go back to work at twelve o'clock tomorrow morning."

Aunt Em made no reply to this, but instead she looked at Kathy closely, then said, "Sit down, my dear, I must tell you something. Something I should have told you years ago."

She took a deep breath and went on. "I had dreamed such wonderful dreams for my girl — college, a career, a good marriage. I've failed you dreadfully." She paused, then began again, "But you'll have your chance," she said with apparent tremendous effort, "Phineas is rich . . . . When I tell him. . . ."

The girl was on her knees in front of her aunt, her arms about her. "I know, Aunt Em," she said quietly, "I know I'm Phineas Fenton's granddaughter. Imagine . . . all that money, just sitting there . . . and the way you've struggled to support me! But why? Doesn't he like me?"

Aunt Em squeezed Kathy's shoulders, and then withdrew her hand to search in her pocket for a handkerchief. "He doesn't know," she said, almost inaudibly. "He doesn't even know he had a grandchild. Oh, darling, I'm so sorry I've deprived you of all the privileges you should have had!"

Kathy drew back and looked up at her aunt, wide-eyed. "Deprived me!" she repeated. "Why, Aunt Em, I wouldn't exchange one minute of the love you've given me for all the money in the world. But it just doesn't seem right for you to have worked so hard for me when I don't even belong to you . . . really."

"You do belong, dear, you've been my whole life! I don't know how much of the story you've heard, but your parents made Grandfather Tracy . . . my father, promise to take care of you in case anything should ever happen to them. They wanted to be sure you were brought up in the Church. You see, Grand-

father Tracy converted your father, and your mother was already a member. Phineas would never talk religion with father," she added regretfully.

"But now . . . you're grown up, and I know nothing could shake your faith, and it's time you had some of the material advantages you're entitled to. Besides, maybe time has softened Phineas a little. . . ."

KATHY got up and walked around for a minute to restore the circulation to her cramped legs. "You don't mean you want me to go to live with the Fentons?" she asked.

Aunt Em wiped her eyes. "I'm afraid Phineas will insist, when he knows who you are, and it wouldn't be right not to tell him, now. But it was right, in the beginning!"

"Yes, of course," agreed Kathy. "'Better that one man perish . . . .' Not that you could exactly say Phineas has perished for not knowing I was his granddaughter, but it's sort of the same idea. It seems incredible—here I've lived all my life within shouting distance of him, and neither of us knew we were related! From the picture, I'd say I resemble my mother."

"The very image!" Aunt Em said. "Except the chin . . . you do have the Fenton chin."

There was so much to assimilate . . . so many new ideas to consider, that Kathy felt that her brain was reeling. She shuddered to think how different, how empty her life would have been without the gospel, and how much more alone she would have felt, if she hadn't known her parents had been married in the temple, and that some day they would all be together again. The Fentons were fine people, but they had no religion at all.

"As long as our chins match . . . mine and Grandpa Fenton's," Kathy said, smiling, "I guess I can insist just as hard that I won't go. I'll never leave you, darling. Now you really should get some rest."

"I am a little tired," Miss Em agreed, trying to cover a yawn. "But there's one more thing I must tell you . . . did you know Marc is a member of the Church? That's how he happened to learn about the China house . . . when he first came here he asked Bishop Henderson if he knew of an inexpensive cabin he could get for a few months. I had a long talk with the bishop the other night by telephone. He told me Marc had filled a very outstanding mission in New Zealand," she ended on a note of satisfaction.

Kathy's breath caught in her throat. "I guess I'm not really surprised, though," she said, "I always thought he looked and acted like a Latter-day Saint, in spite of the fact that he was a bit difficult at first." Her heart was pounding delightfully. "We'll talk about him later . . . you must lie down right this minute!"

AUNT Em had scarcely gone to sleep when Marc arrived with the late afternoon edition of the paper. He was jubilant. "Congratulations, Kathy, you've won the art contest!" he exclaimed. He indicated a column at the bottom of the page. "Third prize."

She read the item slowly. By the time she finished, the tears were rolling down her cheeks unashamedly.

Marc looked at her, amazement written on his face. "I thought you'd be overjoyed, but these can't be tears of joy, they're too real looking. See here," he said, "dry those tears. You're a big girl now, you must be all of eighteen."

"Nineteen," corrected Kathy, through her tears, "yesterday." She suddenly realized that for the first time both she and Eunt Em had completely forgotten her birthday.

"Why didn't someone tell me?" cried Marc. "Birthdays are my specialty. Anyway, there's no use mourning. We'll go into town tonight and have dinner and see a show. Take Aunt Em with us. How does that strike you?"

"Fine," agreed Kathy, her eyes sparkling again. "Aunt Em will love it. She hasn't been out for months. But it's the prize I'm disappointed in—it's a year's schooling instead of cash, and now I won't be able to take Aunt Em on that trip I'd planned."

Marc looked down at her. "But you won't need the contest money. You're Phineas Fenton's granddaughter, and he has plenty of money. Surely you've made your decision by now." His voice was tense.

Kathy took stock of this fact soberly. She had never before stopped to analyze her feelings clearly. Her heart seemed to be opening, more and more surely each moment, toward a new meaning in life. And that transformation in her heart wasn't taking place by itself, she was sure. It had been brought on by Marc Hale. She knew now where her place in life was intended to be. Besides, she thought, I'm not good enough to become an artist, not dedicated enough. I'll never be good enough. Aloud she said, "My place right now is with Aunt Em—right now, and always. It's what I want."

Marc smiled at her, satisfaction in his eyes.

"What will you do?" she asked suddenly.

HE flushed, apparently caught off guard. "I . . . why . . . I've just been choking over a large piece of humble pie. Your earnest little soul will be delighted to know that I'm going into Dad's business in San Francisco, now that I'm fully recovered. He's going to let me start at the bottom and work up, which is far better than I deserve since he offered me the chance once before, and I turned it down. Now aren't you satisfied?"

Satisfied? she asked herself, and suddenly knew that her heart had been longing to know what his dreams or plans might hold in the way of including her.

"Aren't you satisfied?" he repeated.

"No, I'm not," she said. She turned away to hide the trembling of her chin. "I'm not at all satisfied."

"Kathy, darling," he said, as he gently turned her around and lifted her face so he could look into her eyes. "Kathy, do you love me?"

"Of course I do," she whispered.

She felt his arms around her. "I was stupid enough to think you'd choose to live in the house on the hill, darling, where you could have anything you wanted, and then you wouldn't have been my girl at all. The Kathy I love is right here in the old gray house, and will re-

main here, if she can make room in her heart and home for a husband."

"Marc, Marc," she murmured.

They wandered hand in hand from the shelter of the house down toward the beach. There was a lifetime of each other's thoughts and feelings to learn about.

It seemed hours later that Kathy said, "We're being selfish. Let's hurry and tell Aunt Em about us."

The stars had come out, and the night was fresh-washed and beautiful. They walked up the path to the old gray house, where the lights were already challenging the lowering night.

Dora Jolley Pursues a Hobby of Handwork

IT truly can be said that Dora Jolley, eighty, of Blackfoot, Idaho, has spent many hours during her life to make others happy. She is still making beautiful gifts for her friends and relatives. She has made at least one hundred beautiful quilts and has given them away and has crocheted eight bedspreads and six tablecloths of the finest thread, besides having made hundreds of doilies and potholders, afghans, pillows, and pillow cases.

She has been active in Church work, especially Relief Society. During the last years her health hasn't permitted her to take an active part, but she contributes of her fancy work.

Sister Jolley is the mother of six living children, twenty-two grandchildren, and twenty-five great-grandchildren.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Luana C. Heaton

SOUTHERN FAR EAST MISSION, FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY HELD IN CHINA

First row, left to right: Sister Wan; Miss Wan; Mrs. Tze; Mrs. Wise; Sister Loh; Leta Jane Clegg, President.

Second row: Luana C. Heaton, President, Southern Far East Mission Relief Society; Sister Liang; Mrs. Fook; Mrs. Chaw; Mrs. Cheung; Myrna Pollock, Second Counselor.

Third row: Doris Robinson, First Counselor; Mrs. Lum; Sister Wong; Sister Tong; Sister Fung; Betty Johnson.

Fourth row: Sister Yien; Mrs. Young; Mrs. Loke; Mrs. Chiw; Mrs. Wong Ching Yee; Mrs. Mak Mie Tin.

Sister Heaton writes that it is the Chinese custom for women to use their maiden names which, she says, "would be too long to print." Therefore, she has written their husbands' last names. Those women who are investigating the Church have Mrs. or Miss prefixing their names.

hotograph submitted by Melba H. Tullis

SHLEY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT TWO SESSIONS OF FIRST STAKE CONFERENCE, March 31, 1957

Twila Abbott, director, and Mary Schaefermeyer, organist, are seated on the front ow at the right. Melba H. Tullis, President, Ashley Stake Relief Society, reports that ie Ashley Stake Relief Society began to function on January 1, 1957.

hotograph submitted by Myrtle George

LAS VEGAS STAKE (NEVADA), LAS VEGAS NINTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY TAKES PRIDE IN ITS YOUNG MOTHER MEMBERS

Myrtle George, President, Las Vegas Stake Relief Society, writes: "This Ninth Vard of the Las Vegas Stake is the youngest ward. They feel very proud of their oung mothers shown in the front row. These mothers attend regularly. Three new abies have been added since the picture was taken. La Fond Solomon is president; leriam Belmont, first counselor; Aleline Hatch, second counselor; Lottie Wollengien, ecretary-treasurer. The ward has an attendance of from twenty-five to thirty pre-chool children who are cared for by a baby sitter."

Photograph submitted by Florence Christiansen

BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO), SEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT "CHARACTERS AND TEACHINGS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON"

Front row, seated, left to right: Elizabeth Thorton, theology class leader and director of the pageant; Winifred Young, President, Seventh Ward Relief Society; Luella Thompson, organist. (Verda Bale, chorister, not present.)

Standing at the left, next to Sister Thorton: Lorain Turner, as a Japanese sister.

Back row, standing, left to right: Bishop DeVon Woodland as Moroni; John Olsen as Nephi; John Yancy as King Benjamin; Florence Woodland, as a Jewish woman; Lavina Eggleston, as a Lamanite sister; Archie Bale, as Mormon.

Photograph submitted by Rachael L. Lee

FRENCH MISSION, SWISS DISTRICT, GENEVA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM, March 3, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Sister Curtenaz, District President; Sister Stouder, Geneva Branch Secretary; Sister Jaque, President, Geneva Branch Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Sister Bonny; Sister Charney; Sister Wright, mis-

mary; Sister Dupanloup; Sister Marlyse Bonny; Sister Ohno; Sister Brown, Second ounselor, Geneva Branch Relief Society; Sister Scheren, First Counselor; Sister Lamrn, missionary; Sister France Rimli; Sister Hope Reeder; Sister Rimli; Sister Schmit; ster Walz; Sister Moine; Sister Nicolet; Sister Chambaz; Miss Cortisy, visitor.

Rachael L. Lee, President, French Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Swiss istrict of the French Mission is supervised by a president who loves Relief Society ad is devoted to her work. This picture was taken after the Sunday evening program, which all of the Relief Society members took part."

Photograph submitted by Ida M. Swensen

YELLOWSTONE STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS "CHARACTERS AND TEACHINGS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON" PAGEANT, May 26, 1957

Seated at the table, left to right: Chee Fujimoto; Millie B. Farrimond, stake theology leader; Mary Powless; Sylvia Linford.

Seated at their right, Stake Relief Society Presidency: Vera B. Young, Second Counselor; Ida M. Swensen, President; Elsie R. Lewis, First Counselor.

Front row, standing: Rulon Powell; E. O. Rich; Robert Archibald; Richard Tyler; Floyd Law; Orien Lamoreoux as Mormon; Darrell Lords as King Benjamin; Vincent Birch as Alma; Milo Price as Nephi; William J. Lewis, President of Yellowstone Stake; Edgar O. Westerberg, First Counselor, Stake Presidency; Therel Ricks, stake Relief Society organist; Beth T. Orme, Stake Relief Society chorister; Alta Murdoch; Blanche Eddington; Denice Parker; Salome Mathie; Brother and Sister Robert Foster. Lowell Dayton who represented the voice of the Savior, and Leo Packer who represented Moroni, are not shown.

Sister Swensen reports that about eighty-five Singing Mothers participated in the event.

Photograph submitted by Lola Green

EAST PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS MUSICAL PAGEANT

Lola Green, President, East Phoenix Stake Relief Society, writes: "A musical pageant, 'I Now Turn the Key' was presented by the East Phoenix Stake Relief Society, May 11, 1957. The Singing Mothers also furnished the music for conference May 25, 1957."

Second row, center to right: Lola Green; Avon Price, stake chorister; Junius Driggs, President of East Phoenix Stake.

Photograph submitted by Adelphia D. Bingham

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MISSION, VICTORIA DISTRICT, MELBOURNE AND COBURG BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETIES PRESENT PAGEANT "PORTRAIT OF A DREAM"

Front row, seated, left to right: Ina Ware, First Counselor; Flora Carthew, Secretary; Deborah Tormey, Second Counselor; Mary Thatcher, chorister—all from the Coburg Branch. Marjorie Davis, President; Jean Findlay, Secretary; Joyce Scarfe; Valerie Croucher, First Counselor; Phyll Roche, chorister; Grace Bartlett, *Magazine* representative—all from the Melbourne Branch Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Arlette Anderson; Lottie Laird; Raie Headen; Hazel Gilchrist, work meeting leader; Clarice Williams, President of Coburg Branch Relief Society, and First Assistant in Victoria District; Adelphia D. Bingham, President, South Australian Mission Relief Society, holding the American flag; Edna Ord, Mission Relief Society Secretary and District Supervisor; Laurel Marsh; Evelyn Hugett; Linda Kucknovitch.

Not present when the picture was taken: Alvie Pemberton, representing General President Belle S. Spafford; and Eric Croucher, narrator.

Sister Bingham reports that the painting in the center of the picture is a replica of the cover of the December 1956 *Relief Society Magazine*, which was painted by Clarice Williams. "The painting is most remarkable, although, unfortunately, it does not show to advantage in the photograph." Sister Bingham further comments: "This program was well presented, as were many others throughout the Mission. We are proud of those who worked so faithfully to make them successful."

Photograph submitted by Alice L. Wilkinson

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY STAKE, (PROVO, UTAH), SEVENTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES ORIGINAL QUILT

Left to right: Bonnie Berrett, President; Mary Utschig, Secretary-Treasurer; JoAnn Larsen and Sharon Jensen, Counselors; Beverly Liebhart, work director.

Alice L. Wilkinson, President, Brigham Young University Stake Relief Society, reports: "Young Relief Society sisters from the B.Y.U. Seventeenth Ward display quilt of original design which was quilted at recent work meeting.

"The Seventeenth Ward Relief Society, one of the unique groups of young student members on the Brigham Young University campus, have tried to follow the pattern set for them by experienced women in Relief Society work. The animal quilt was made at work meetings. For most of the girls it was their first quilting experience. . . . The quilt will be given to a former homemaking teacher, Mrs. Deanna Thomas of Rome, Colorado."

Photograph submitted by Agnes D. Hurst

SAN JUAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE FOR TWO CONSECUTIVE YEARS ON MOTHER'S DAY

Agnes D. Hurst, President, San Juan Stake Relief Society, reports: "The San Juan Stake Singing Mothers group has presented the music for the past two years at the quarterly stake conference which has been on Mother's Day both years. Sisters Vera Lee Redd and Guen L. Smith are directors. Sisters Mary L. Adams and Margaret P. Redd, accompanists."

My Husband's Hands

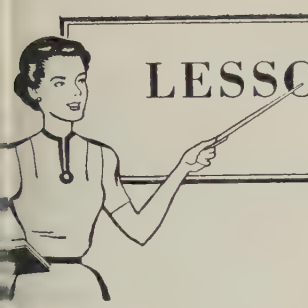
Marie Ricks

Hands, large, grown used
To wielding a hammer,
Dry our little one's tears
In the tenderest manner.

Strong, capable hands
Pounding nails, lifting lumber,
In the gentlest way
Soothe our infant to slumber.

Steady hands, that remove
With such careful ease,
Slivers that lodge in
Small, skinned-up knees.

Loving hands of my husband
Work-rough, yet so fine,
Have blessed our lives,
The children's, and mine.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 3—What to Expect From a Study of The Doctrine and Covenants

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Section 1)

For Tuesday, December 3, 1957

Objective: To show that a principal idea throughout the revelations is to warn the orld of judgments to come and that the means of escape is by the restored gospel of esus Christ.

ome Ideas From The Doctrine and Covenants

THE title of this lesson might be changed to form a question to e answered by every student of his series of lessons—"What do I expect to gain from my study of The Doctrine and Covenants?" A eply to this question from members of the Relief Society would undoubtedly bring many ideas. If one s thinking of subject matter or knowledge of contents alone, she would learn from her study that a great number of ideas are found in these revelations. The whole experience of man's earth-life is largely covered. Instruction is found, as one might expect, in how to attain spiritual salvation (sometimes called by us "entering the celestial kingdom or exaltation"). But one also discovers that these revelations are concerned with what man might consider the "temporal" things of life. From this volume of scripture, it is learned that the Lord looks upon all phases of man's earth existence as a necessary part of his journey to eternal life, or exaltation. (See D. & C. 29:34-35.) This is very well expressed by President Joseph F. Smith in these words:

> It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints that a religion that has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and to exalt them in the life to come (Quoted by Albert E. Bowen, *The Church Welfare Plan*, page 36).

One will, therefore, find emphasis given to one's health (what one should or should not eat, as well as to the amount of sleep one should have). We discover that knowl-

edge saves, and the value one should place upon different types of knowledge. The need to incorporate the gospel truths into our lives, in addition to the acquisition of knowledge, is emphasized so well that we are never in doubt as to the necessity of doing so. Counsel is given on what the Latter-day Saint is to do to prevent being deceived by the adversary; he learns that Satan is a personal being and also of his purposes. Above all, the student of The Doctrine and Covenants learns of the true nature of Jesus as the Savior of mankind, of his justice and mercy, and of his relationship to the inhabitants of the earth.

The Spirit of
The Doctrine and Covenants

The ideas suggested thus far are only a very few of the truths to be learned as one examines the revelations section-by-section. There is almost no narration in this book—a fact which makes it different from the other Standard Works, such as The Book of Mormon. Great truths are found on every page. To become acquainted with this volume of scripture can be one of the richest experiences of a Latter-day Saint's life. There is a spirit about a book of scripture which is readily discernible. It is the spirit of truth; the spirit that brings assurance of things divine. It comes from the Holy Ghost to bear witness of the truth. It is this spirit that the author hopes will be received by the students of this series. The promise is given that all may receive this blessing by their diligence. (See D. & C. 11:22-27; 6:5-7; Alma 12:9-11.)

An Unique Book

As we study this book of scripture, we should remember that we are studying the message of the Lord Jesus Christ. This message is addressed to the people who make up the last and greatest dispensation of the gospel—the fulness of times. There are many things which make The Doctrine and Covenants an unique book, but, primarily, its uniqueness arises out of the facts that it is (1) the word of Jesus Christ the Lord, and (2) it is a modern book.

A study of what the Lord himself has said concerning his message is found in Section 1. From there we shall find the Lord's answer to "What do I expect to gain from a study of The Doctrine and Covenants?"

The Superscription

As in all revelations, a knowledge of the historical background and context provides the student with essential information to understand what is intended to be obtained from the message or messages of the revelation. For purposes of this course, the reader should become familiar with the introductory material (called the "superscription" in this course) at the head of each section. Sometimes a reference to the History of the Church by Joseph Smith, known and cited in this course as the *Documentary History of the Church* (*D. H. C.*) is given for further study about the context of the section.

The Lord's Preface

The superscription of Section 1 informs us that this revelation is

known as "the Lord's Preface." (See also verse 6 in Section 1.) This revelation was given at the conference of the Church convened November 1, 1831, when the "Book of Commandments" was adopted by the Priesthood assembled on that occasion. A "preface" is intended to prepare the reader with an explanation of the purpose the author had in writing the volume. It should concern itself with matters contained in the book or connected with it.

To Whom the Message Is Directed

Appropriately, the Lord introduces Section 1 with the announcement that it is he who is addressing ". . . ye people of my church . . ." (D. & C. 1:1). But his message is not only for the Church but also ". . . unto all men, and there is none to escape . . ." (D. & C. 1:2). Immediately one is made aware that the message of this dispensation is for everyone. In fact:

> . . . the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days (D. & C. 1:4).

and the revelations are to be published:

> . . . unto you, O inhabitants of the earth (D. & C. 1:6).

A Voice of Warning

What has already been given as a principal purpose of the Lord's establishing his Church upon the earth? What should we expect to gain from a study of The Doctrine and Covenants? It is a "voice of warning" unto all people. This fact was indelibly impressed upon the mind of the Prophet Joseph Smith by the angel Moroni, who quoted several Bible prophecies indicating that certain judgments were to come in the last days and that these predictions were not yet fulfilled, but were soon to be. (See Pearl of Great Price, Writings of Joseph Smith 2:40-41). Following this, he informed Joseph Smith ". . . of great judgments which were coming upon the earth, with great desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence; and that these grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation . . ." (*Ibid.*, 2:45).

Later on, as the Prophet received additional revelations, the Lord made it known that the faithful of his people would be aware of the signs of the times and look forward in righteousness to Jesus' second coming. (See D. & C. 39:21-23; 45:39-44.)

Power of Sealing the Wicked

In the performance of their duties, the Lord's servants are to possess the power to seal both on earth and in heaven. Notice that those who are sealed by this power are those who reject the gospel, and also those who rebel against the servants of the Lord after having accepted his message (D. & C. 1:8-9). When the Lord comes he shall ". . . recompense unto every man according to his work, and measure to every man according to the measure which he has measured to his fellow man" (D. & C. 1:10).

Why This Message?

Why is the Lord's message of warning directed to the people of

this generation or dispensation? The answer to this question is found in Section 1, verses 11 to 16, inclusive:

Wherefore the voice of the Lord is unto the ends of the earth, that all that will hear may hear:

Prepare ye, prepare ye for that which is to come, for the Lord is nigh;

And the anger of the Lord is kindled, and his sword is bathed in heaven, and it shall fall upon the inhabitants of the earth.

And the arm of the Lord shall be revealed; and the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord, neither the voice of his servants, neither give heed to the words of the prophets and apostles, shall be cut off from among the people;

For they have strayed from mine ordinances, and have broken mine everlasting covenant;

They seek not the Lord to establish his righteousness, but every man walketh in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world, and whose substance is that of an idol, which waxeth old and shall perish in Babylon, even Babylon the great, which shall fall.

Three reasons why this message is directed to the people of this dispensation may be found in these verses; namely, (1) to prepare the way of the Lord (D. & C. 1:11), (2) because of the apostate condition of the world (D. & C. 1:15), and, (3) because men have set up their own gods (D. & C. 1:16).

The Gods of Today

What are these gods after which men walk? Do we not know of men today who seek unrighteous dominion over their fellow men; men directed by false theories that lead people away from God's truth; the gods of vanity, greed, lust, and the whole list of vices that keep men in bondage? The word "Babylon" has come to symbolize the wickedness of the world. (See Section 133:14.) Out of the world the people have been charged to come that they may not be partakers of her plagues. Eventually, the wicked world will fall, but, in preparation for that day of the Lord, there was to be a restoration of the gospel.

Results of the Lord's Message

What follows in verses 17 through 23 tells through whom the gospel was to be restored, and what could result from this great event. As you read these verses, keep in mind what the Lord promised would result from the call of Joseph Smith as the head of this dispensation. Two questions emerge from this thought: (1) does the history of the Church verify these promises of the Lord; and (2) in what part of this program have I participated?

Wherefore, I the Lord, knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments;

And also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, which was written by the prophets—

The weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should not counsel his fellow man, neither trust in the arm of flesh—

But that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world;

That faith also might increase in the earth;

That mine everlasting covenant might e established;

That the fulness of my gospel might be roclaimed by the weak and the simple nto the ends of the world, and before ings and rulers (D. & C. 1:17-23).

(It is worthy of observation at this oint to indicate that the "others" n verse 18, unto whom the Lord gave commandments" are those ersons who were to assist the rophet Joseph Smith in this dis- ensation. Many of these had lready been called and received ommandments by revelation. Such nen as Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rig- ion, Hyrum Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, and many others make p the number.)

Blessings to Those Called

We discover in verses 24 through 28 what had already been accom- plished and what would yet be real- zed in the lives of individuals who eceive a call into the Lord's service. Some of these blessings are: they come to understanding; their errors are corrected; wisdom sought for is obtained; as they sin they may be chastened and repent; and strength and knowledge come through their humility. Might we today who have embarked upon a study of The Doctrine and Covenants also expect that similar blessings will accrue to us by our diligence?

Only One True Church

In continuation of the message that Joseph Smith was divinely called and others were appointed to assist him, the Lord sets forth the important fact that his Prophet has received power to translate The Book of Mormon and to bring forth ". . . the only true and living church upon the face of the whole earth . . ." (D. & C. 1:30). There was to be no question in the minds of the members of the Church or of the inhabitants of the world as to the position The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints holds in the world. This proclamation by the Lord gives added confirmation to the first vision and also to the many revelations which had already specified that there is only one way to eternal life.

Sin Is Condemned

It is further indicated that the Lord was pleased with his Church collectively, but the individual mem- bers of his Church had much to do in perfecting their lives. (See Mat- thew 5:48.) It is evident that the Lord wanted the members of the Church to understand that mem- bership in his kingdom does not give license to sin for he ". . . can- not look upon sin with the least de- gree of allowance" (D. & C. 1:31), but he will forgive the repentant (verse 32). On the other hand, that person who does not repent, having received the light, is under the penalty of losing the Spirit of the Lord ". . . for my Spirit shall not always strive with man . . ." (D. & C. 1:33).

The Concluding Message

Toward the end of this great reve- lation which opened with the prin- cipal message of the Lord to the Church and to the inhabitants of the earth, there is a return to this fundamental purpose—the Lord de- sires that all men shall know of his "voice of warning" of judgments to

come and that eternal life may be won by living the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. Notice how this message is reiterated in Section 1, verses 34 to 36:

. . . I the Lord am willing to make these things known unto all flesh;

For I am no respecter of persons, and will that all men shall know that the day speedily cometh; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his own dominion.

And also the Lord shall have power over his saints, and shall reign in their midst, and shall come down in judgment upon Idumea, or the world (*Ibid.*, 1:34-36).

(Notice the term "Idumea" is defined in the revelation as "the world." It is synonymous with "Babylon" in verse 16 which symbolizes the wicked world. Idumea was known as the country of Edom whose inhabitants held an inveterate enmity toward Israel.)

As one studies The Doctrine and Covenants, he knows that the gospel message brings joy into the lives of those who live its principles, while wickedness brings unhappiness. One also discovers that judgments do await the world and that one of these judgments—war—with its present-day potential for great destruction is prophesied for this dispensation. The question of whether or not the prediction that "peace *shall be taken* from the earth," as stated in 1831, should now be phrased "peace *has been taken* from the earth" is one which every Latter-day Saint should consider in the light of present conditions in the world.

Section 1, the Lord's preface to his revelations, is concluded with the definite assurance that what has been given will all be fulfilled and that the Spirit of God bears witness that ". . . the record is true, and the truth abideth forever and ever. Amen" (D. & C. 1:39). (See also verses 37 to 39.)

The Doctrine and Covenants confirms ancient truths and gives more enlightenment about the events of the immediate future and man's destiny than do other books of scripture. It contains some of the most glorious principles ever revealed to the world.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is The Doctrine and Covenants an unique book?

2. Discuss: To become acquainted with The Doctrine and Covenants can be one of the richest experiences of a Latter-day Saint's life.

3. Define these terms: "Superscription," "context," "Babylon," "*D. H. C.*," and "preface."

4. Why is Section 1 in The Doctrine and Covenants out of chronological sequence? About where would it be placed if it were in its chronological order?

5. How does Section 1 fit into the message of warning to the world?

To Children Asleep

Florence Marie Gates Bennett

As subtle and gentle as breath,
Day changes to evening;
I listen for sounds of naps' end—
Still eyelids are dreaming.

Oh, could I envelop them now
With love all protecting,
I would open their hearts and minds
To God's own directing.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 3—". . . O Ye That Embark in the Service of God, See That Ye Serve Him With All Your Heart, Might, Mind and Strength, That Ye May Stand Blameless Before God at the Last Day" (D. & C. 4:2).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, December 3, 1957

Objective: To emphasize the importance of wholehearted, conscientious service nd to show that to serve God means to serve our fellow men.

SERVICE is the foundation of a happy and abundant life. It is he cornerstone of all Relief Society ctivity.

This message gives new emphasis nd significance to the meaning of ervice. In it we are admonished to erve the Lord willingly and whole-neartedly. Service given stintingly, rudgingly, or in a boastful or pride-ul way is not acceptable. The Lord nows our motives, our capabilities, our weaknesses and shortcomings. He has given us the revelation from which this message is taken to help is overcome our shortcomings and n so doing to become more nearly erfect.

We can serve the Lord in many ways. We can serve him through working in the various organizations of the Church. If asked to work in his capacity, we should consider the call an opportunity, accept willingly, perform our duties conscientiously. Another form of service is missionary activity. This calling, too, s a challenge and opportunity and one in which, if we are chosen, we should embark in all diligence.

The true essence of service to God, in these and in all activities, consists of service to our fellow men. King Benjamin, as related in The Book of Mormon, said, ". . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17).

At this time of the year our thoughts naturally turn to that great area of service connected with the life of our Savior. Most of us are familiar with the story of "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke. This is the story of the Persian nobleman, Artaban, who, having learned of the birth of the Messiah, sells all his worldly possessions and buys three precious jewels. These he plans to take as gifts to the Messiah as tokens of his love and affection. Stopping to help someone in need, Artaban arrives late in Bethlehem and learns that Joseph and Mary, with the baby Jesus, have fled to safety. Artaban spends his life in search of the Messiah. In the process he ministers to the distress and suffering of his fellow men. Three times he comes near to seeing the Savior; but each time he finds someone in need of his urgent help. One by one, Artaban gives away his precious jewels in order to help others. He never is blessed with the opportunity

of seeing Jesus and feels that he has failed in his mission. Yet, as he is dying, he hears a voice saying:

> For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in . . . .
>
> . . . Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Mt. 25:35, 40).

Few of us may be called upon to give heroic service such as was given by Artaban. Yet, everyday we encounter many opportunities to serve. To forget oneself in an effort to lighten another's burdens, to perform a thoughtful act or to show an unexpected kindness, is to serve the Lord by serving others. This type of human service does not require any special calling but can go far to help earn for us the promise of Jesus when he said:

> . . . Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world (Mt. 25:34).

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Living Economically

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, December 10, 1957

Objective: To understand that wise people, whether their income is relatively large or small, learn that it is good to live economically, because it is a good way of life.

THE previous lesson discussed the importance of budget planning. We have all observed in others, or have been tempted sufficiently to learn by experience, that:

> One sure way to make life miserable is to live in a manner that you can't afford (Richard L. Evans).

On the other hand, we have also come to realize that:

> If there is any one thing that will bring peace and contentment into the human heart, and into the family, it is to live within our means (Heber J. Grant).

The Importance of Economy

Living economically is a basic fundamental for happiness and success that is logically related to budgets, and it is equally important for all, rich and poor alike. The writer will always remember his first trip with members of his family to Victoria, Canada. In the government building in this beautiful city these words are on display:

> Without economy none can be rich;
> With it none can be poor.

Two ancient proverbs re-emphasize this important principle of successful living:

> Eat and drink, but waste not by excess, for God loveth not the wasters (Abrabian Proverb).
>
> No gain is more certain than that which proceeds from the economical use of what we have (Latin Proverb).

Life of the Master

In this day, when so many people re stressing the physical standards f living above the real joy of living, is good to reflect upon the circumstances surrounding the life of ie Master.

The birth of Jesus was one of ne greatest events in history. In eeping with its importance, his irth was preceded by heavenly directed preparations, and it was eralded by angels. He could have een born in a castle, with parents f worldly fame, and showered with ealth. "For with God nothing all be impossible" (Luke 1:37).

His mother knew that he was the hrist Child, and she was conerned over his safety and comfort. ut "she brought forth her firstborn n, and wrapped him in swaddling lothes, and laid him in a manger" Luke 2:7).

Joseph was apparently a humble rpenter. Mary cared for her baby nd provided for his needs in modst circumstances. Apparently, this as the best environment for the rowth and development of Jesus for is great mission. "And the child rew, and waxed strong in spirit, lled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him" (Luke 2:40). ater, when Jesus undertook his ission, he traveled "without purse r scrip." Surely, in this experience e find a lesson for all families.

essons From Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon includes any incidents where people beame strong because of experience hat forced them to live with extreme economy and to be humble, nd then in a few years, with prosperity, they began to live extravagantly and lost their faith. In Alma, chapter 4, we find this whole cycle recorded in ten brief verses. In the sixth year after the appointment of the judges, the people were suffering because of "the loss of their flocks and herds, and also for the loss of their fields of grain . . ." from economic poverty. But this humble environment was a blessing for the people, as "they were awakened to a remembrance of their duty. And they began to establish the church more fully. . . ." The Lord blessed them because of their repentant attitude. But within two years:

> . . . the people of the church began to wax proud, because of their exceeding riches, and their fine silks, and their fine-twined linen, and because of their many flocks and herds, and their gold and their silver, and all manner of precious things, which they had obtained by their industry; and in all these things they were lifted up in the pride of their eyes, for they began to wear very costly apparel (Alma 4:6).

The Lord blessed the people, and they became prosperous. This was good. The unfortunate mistake was that the people ceased to live economically and to remain humble, but rather became proud of their wealth and became worldly. Observations of the working of the same cycle in more modern times has given validity to the statement, "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations." History has revealed the wisdom, and the Church in its conduct constantly sets the example, of the importance of living economically.

Thoughts for Discussion

The following are suggested challenging observations for discussion:

1. To those who have above average means:

   a. Have you kept your sights on the things that are eternal? Are you able to resist the frequent tendency when people become rich in the things of this world of becoming less rich or even poor in the real values that are eternal?

   b. It may be wise to look upon prosperity as an opportunity fraught with danger. The danger is that we may become worldly, overstress the physical, and rear our children in an environment that is not conducive to maximum spiritual, moral, and educational growth.

   c. Are you depriving your children of those experiences that helped to mold your character and taught you the valuable lessons of work, thrift, and appreciation?

      If you say to your children that you can't afford something that they wish, and your children know that this is not true, this will only stimulate their efforts to find a way of persuading you to give in. On the other hand, if the children are taught by precept and example that it is good to live economically, not because you have to, but because it is good, they will understand that many things that others have are not desirable, and they will support you in your family leadership.

   d. To have above average means is a blessing *if* one remembers that the blessing lies in the increased power to be of service. It may be easier to be meek when poor, but it may be more noble to be meek when rich!

2. To those who have below average means:

   a. One can be very limited in worldly possessions and rich in values that are eternal. The real values include good work habits, cleanliness, honesty, love and good will toward fellow men, and a desire to serve.

   b. Inspire your children with a desire for knowledge, to excell in their studies, and to be strong in their faith and loyal to the Church. From children thus taught will come the great men and women of tomorrow.

   c. Always say, with true sincerity, "I will share what I have, and if I had more I would give more." The outstanding examples in the teachings of the Master of people giving were not the rich sharing their abundance, but the people of limited means sharing because of the goodness of their hearts. The gift of the equivalent of the widow's mite is always received with complete appreciation if given "not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver" (II Corinthians 9:7).

   d. It would be unwise to look upon being poor as a failure to receive the blessings of the Lord, unless this condition is due to one's own failure and unwillingness to do those things that bring the blessings of the Lord. The Lord always blesses the poor who become strong in spirit.

3. To all—the rich and the poor:

   a. One is poor if "keeping up with the Joneses" becomes of greater concern than doing what is right.

   b. One is poor if he covets the things owned by others and cannot rejoice in seeing others enjoy worldly possessions (that he may be unable to buy or chooses not to acquire).

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 11—"Twelfth Night, or What You Will"

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, December 17, 1957

Objective: To show that even though exaggerated through comedy situations, akespeare's characters reveal to us traits common to all humanity.

PARTICULARLY for the rapidly growing Puritan strain among iddle-class Englishmen, the Christ-as season in Shakespeare's day was t a time for celebration, but ther a devotional period, filled th somberness and dedication. cause the twelve-day period which llowed the birth of the Christ hild was held to be symbolical of otherhood, it was distinguished by n air of solemnity.

At the end of this period the jol-ication began—on the twelfth day, hile the renewing celebration ached full tempo only during the ening of the twelfth night. There evidence that *Twelfth Night, or hat You Will*, was written to be esented at this time which might xplain why it is the happiest play at Shakespeare ever wrote, even hile a somber strain runs just be-ath the surface of the play from ginning to end.

One of the great goals of artists d thinkers and thoughtful readers every age has been to recast ac-mulative truth in their own nages. Each period, each place as its own idiom and personality, d therefore in its seeing and say-ng differs from the past which it as inherited and absorbed, minute s that difference may be. A small placard reading, "Teenage talked here" could hang in the window of a haberdashers or dress shop in no age but our own. Conversely,

> . . . She never told her love,
> But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
> And with a green and yellow melancholy
> She sat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief. . . . II. 4. 113-118

may seem equally a foreign tongue to our very own teenage children, and possibly to us as well. Yet differences of whatever magnitude must not be allowed to obscure basic similarities. Man has been man in all ages, woman has been woman, and Shakespeare, Shakespeare. Yet from age to age, there is a difference.

Twelfth Night may be considered a bridge between the younger and the more mature Shakespeare. This is important in understanding why today this play is still one of Shakespeare's best-loved comedies, just as it has been from the date of its composition in 1600 or 1601, when he was thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age.

From the date of his first play ten years earlier up to *Twelfth Night*, the rising and successful playwright had written either twenty-

one or twenty-two plays—nine of them were comedies, three of them tragedies, and the rest histories. *The Merry Wives of Windsor, Much Ado About Nothing,* and *As You Like It* had all appeared within two years preceding *Twelfth Night.* Their very titles reveal them as gay, rollicking comedies, filled with pranks and puns, brilliant word-play, bravado, and young love finally united in happiness.

One explanation of *Twelfth* Night's enduring popularity may be that it appeals to both young and old, to those who are merry, sad, or, more commonly, to those who are both at once. And that is exactly what the play does. The earlier comedies are brimming with roistering talk, impish tricks, disguises and mistaken identities, earthly humor and pun.

Appeals to the Young-in-Spirit

From Shakespeare's Globe Theater to our own drive-ins, the young-in-spirit have provided the bulk of theater audiences. For them, the most famous line in this play makes it seem their own voice as Sir Toby, reminding pompous, stern Malvolio that he is out of tune, says, ". . . Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale . . .?" (II. 3. 124-125). Or, to paraphrase, do you think that just because you are older, without flaw, and settled down, no one else shall celebrate? Next, the very names of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek contain the same quality of caricature so often prominent in teenage nicknames, while Feste, the name of a play's clown or fool, is almost *festivity* itself.

Another perennial favorite of all ages is the pun, the play on words having the same sound but different meanings. It is still popular among us in the latest "Happy Little Moron" jokes. Note the overtones of meaning evoked from almost the first lines in the play resulting from the similarity between *hart* (or male deer) and *heart,* the source of love and passion. Curio, the Duke's attendant, asks him if he will go hunting.

Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell [fierce] and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.
I. 1. 16-23

Or note a similar device as employed with brilliant effectiveness in the repartee between the heroine and Feste, the clown:

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?
Clo. No such matter, sir, I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Vio. So thou mayst say the King lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.
Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! III. 1. 1-15

Such sharp word-use is often too ndensed and subtle for the mod- n audience, although the Hope- nny-Gobel-Linkletter clan perpet- te it in milder form. However, joyment is quickened consider- ly if such zest-in-words is first read the cold page; then when it is ognized in the mouths of players the stage, it sparkles with the ptic power of youth's jargon in ages, and imparts warming, athing illusion of reality which one of Shakespeare's highest at- nments. Various dialogue scenes tween Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, ste and Maria, and Feste and Vi- a offer much more such brilliant rd-play, from which excerpts ght be mimeographed and read efully and aloud with your group.

ajor Theme—Love

Twelfth Night is a story of great auty, both because it is expertly t together by an expert craftsman, d because it tells a delightful love ry, one as pure and simple as that *Midsummer Night's Dream.* hen the usual Shakespearean and assembly occurs in the fifth t, all misunderstandings are ex- ained and three couples—Viola d the Duke Orsino, Olivia and bastian, Maria and Sir Toby—are ddenly revealed to each other as dged lovers, ". . . and they all e happily ever after." Young lov- s love most to read about young ve, and the play is loaded with e imagery and vocabulary of love, l in the Italian vogue which was dominant and popular a force in ance and the Elizabethan stage Italian movies and exotic movie ars are in the United States today. nd many of the conventions of

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LAURENCE OLIVIER AS MALVOLIO IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

contemporary love-lore are embodied within the play, particularly in the speeches of the lovesick Orsino: that love torments the lovers (I. 1. 9-23; I. 4. 26; II. 4. 15), that the woman should be younger than her lover (II. 4. 29-32), that man loves more deeply than woman (II. 4. 94-106), that concealed love is never consummated (II. 4. 113-118), that scorn breeds love (III. 1. 156-160), that true love is jealous (IV. 3. 27).

Plot

Few of Shakespeare's plays contain a better integration of balanced scenes, with each scene completely justifying itself within the structure of the whole, and at the same time by its own merits holding the unbroken attention of the audience

than does *Twelfth Night*. Similarly, there are *just barely* a leading man and lady, since so many critics still debate whether the play is dominated by Viola or Olivia, by Orsino, Malvolio, or Feste. Rather, all blend together marvelously well, which gives the play its tight-knit structure and pleasing pattern. The speeches are short, very few running the length of a sonnet, thus shifting the center of attention constantly from one to another in a fine blending and counterpoint motion.

The plot is sheer fantasy — improbable, exotic, romantic, yet, by its sustained popularity over the centuries, it stands to refute those realists and modernists who would insist that only the immediate, the squalid, and the low endure.

In faraway Illyria the overly sentimental Duke, Orsino, pines away for his ladylove, the rich Countess Olivia, who is mourning with undue fervor the death of her brother. Orsino sends an attractive page, Cesario, to present his suit to Olivia but instead of falling in love with Orsino, Olivia becomes infatuated with Cesario. Cesario is actually Viola, a shipwrecked maiden traveling in disguise, distraught at the supposed death of Sebastian, her twin, in the storm which she survived. Malvolio, steward to the countess, shares her melancholy, but actually he would like to share her favors and wealth as well, for foolishly he aspires for her hand. Olivia's Uncle Toby Belch enjoys sponging off her household for the comforts of life, and keeps himself in spending money by encouraging Sir Andrew Aguecheek to believe that his bid for the widow Olivia's hand will be successful—if he continues to hire the right cupid to arrange it, namely Sir Toby.

When the pompous chief steward Malvolio offends Sir Toby, Sir Toby and the keen, shrewd servingwoman, Maria, plot revenge. They plant a letter, supposed to have been written by Olivia, in which Olivia tells of her love for Malvolio and instructs Malvolio, if he returns her love to wear yellow stockings (which Olivia actually abhors) and smile whenever she approaches.

Olivia makes violent love to Cesario, the boy-girl page, and Sir Toby motivates a duel between Sir Andrew and Cesario. Horror-stricken at the thought of duelling, Cesario-Viola is trapped until Antonio, the captain of the ship on which her brother was traveling comes to her rescue. He thinks she is her twin brother Sebastian, who is actually very much alive, and calls her by that name. Officers appear and arrest Antonio. Cesario-Viola leaves the scene pursued by Sir Andrew who meets her brother. Thinking Sebastian is Cesario-Viola, he draws his sword and begins to duel. Just then Olivia appears, and, determined not to lose her beloved Cesario-Viola again, she hustles him off to a church and marries him, but she really marries Sebastian, who falls in love with her on the spot.

Malvolio had previously appeared before Olivia, doing as the letter directed so well that she has him thrown into a dark cell, believing him mad. There Feste, the fool, taunts him. Malvolio bitterly resents his mistreatment, Toby and

r Andrew repent, but at the play's d Malvolio alone still suffers.

Orsino enters with Cesario-Viola nom Olivia addresses as her hus-nd, which Orsino resents. Then r Andrew accuses Cesario-Viola of ounding him in the duel and, for moment, all is confusion, until bastian enters, realizes his sister alive, admits marrying Olivia and elling Sir Andrew. Viola reveals r love for Orsino who has al-ady been attracted to her as a ge, Sir Toby agrees to marry aria, who has long dreamed of ting herself out of the servant ass by marrying royalty. It is at at moment that the clown gives e famous lines, "Some are born eat, some achieve greatness, and me have greatness thrust upon m" (V. I. 376). While Malvolio mes his disappointment and ouse, the happy couples leave the age, and Feste sings a final ditty.

hakespeare's *Living Characteriza-tions*

In *Twelfth Night* the players nce more arise from the printed age or walk past the footlights to ecome lost in the crowd, and be me of us. Here, again, is living roof that Shakespeare knows us est, since he is of our time almost ore than his own, and, hence, not onfined within time's boundaries. articularly in this play are we mused at his knowledge of hu-nanity's weaknesses and exaggerated evices of foolish self-defense and randiose rationalizations, even as e readily recognize these echoing raits in ourselves and in our fel-ows.

For example, Sir Andrew's self-love does not permit him to recognize that he is not so "well endowed by nature as by fortune," and so he becomes a ready, gullible rabbit for Sir Toby's snares. Olivia is "resolved to mourn" her brother's loss in fitting fashion, but instead so exaggerates her self-denials that she hides behind them as an acceptable escape from all reality, including her own inner desires as a woman. But Duke Orsino cannot face reality full-on either. Yes, he falls in love —but he woos the idea of being in love, rather than any woman. He poses and preens as he sighs over the atmosphere of love in which he bathes himself, yet courage and action are not in him, as they must be in any true lover. No sharper contrast to Orsino could emerge than that which we find in Viola, also in love, but the love within her elevates her into achieving true love's high virtues: constancy, self-denial, honest passion, courage, and integrity. But, again, in contrast to her, Maria's sharp wit and desire for world security must substitute for what love's weapons should be. She ensnares Sir Toby, outsharps the sharper, and gains worldly station—goals far distant from those of a lover, but supremely satisfactory to her.

While many of the above characters are exaggerated and the plot situations impossible, no one really objects, so well are we aware that these realms of artistic recreation of life create within us more of reality than does life itself. We see them and we see through them. And, therefore, even more sharply we see ourselves and our own similar traits, perhaps a little shamefacedly, yet with amusement.

Twelfth Night a Symphony

Twelfth Night may be compared to a symphony with love as the major theme and several minor themes beautifully intertwined to make a perfect composition. From its opening lines to its final words, this gentle, pleasant play often is set ringing with musical tones and echoes.

If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall.
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor! Enough, no more. . . .
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou! I. 1. 1-7, 9

The songs of the fool Feste are some of the purest lyrics in the language, and reveal the musician-poet Shakespeare at his best. Perhaps most popular because of its moving, simple beauty is his first song:

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear, your truelove's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know . . .

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
II. 3. 40-45, 48-54

But not all the songs are as happy as this one; indeed many create and prolong the dominant bass-note of sadness and wistful melancholy which pervades the entire play. This is evidenced most strongly in the utterances of Orsino, Viola, and particularly Feste, the jester who is " . . . wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well craves a kind of wit . . ." (III. I. 67-68). It is songs such as the following one sung by Feste which help make *Twelfth Night* ". . . a settled gravity—a silvery undertone of sadness, which makes it perhaps the loveliest of all Shakespeare's high comedies" (John Middleton Murry, *Shakespeare*, page 225).

Duke. Oh, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Aye, prithee sing.
Clo. [Sings]
Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it!
II. 4. 43-59

The words *sadness* and *madness* appear constantly in dulcet tones, almost like a chant, as also does *drowned*. Yes, there is love in the play, but it is languorous, overly rich, surfeited, sad with too much gaiety and glitter. A key line is Maria's when, speaking of the raving Malvolio, she says:

. . . I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
III. 4. 15-16

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INVOCATION—Moore	.20
KING OF GLORY—Parks	.20
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Everything in the final act builds up to satisfaction and happiness, but surely it is significant that the play ends with Feste on an otherwise empty stage, singing to our inner ear his ditty, apparently simple and of no consequence, but actually the final repetition of the play's dominant tone. Perhaps Shakespeare is reminding us that the overly merry, overly playful, overly sentimental characters within this play, have been too much concerned with getting and spending, with loving, wiving, and drinking, while with subdued, inexorable irregularity the wind and the rain follow out their indifferent patterns, thus reminding superficial man of nature's balance and force, even harshness, which endure beneath surface trivialities.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way is *Twelfth Night* a bridge?

2. To whom does this play appeal?

3. For Shakespeare, why is music so important a tool?

4. What common character traits do you recognize in this play?

Suggested Music for Lessons on Shakespeare

ANY of Shakespeare's words that are set to music could be used for any lesson, but the following are appropriate for the coming year:

From *Twelfth Night*

Number
30721 "O Mistress Mine," Reginald de Koven, (solo), John Church Co. 60c
4301 "Come Away, Death," Johannes Brahms, (trio), G. Schirmer & Co. 20c
17888 "She Never Told Her Love," Joseph Hayden, (solo), G. Schirmer & Co. 50c
"Sweet and Twenty," (solo), Chappell & Co. 60c

From *Othello*

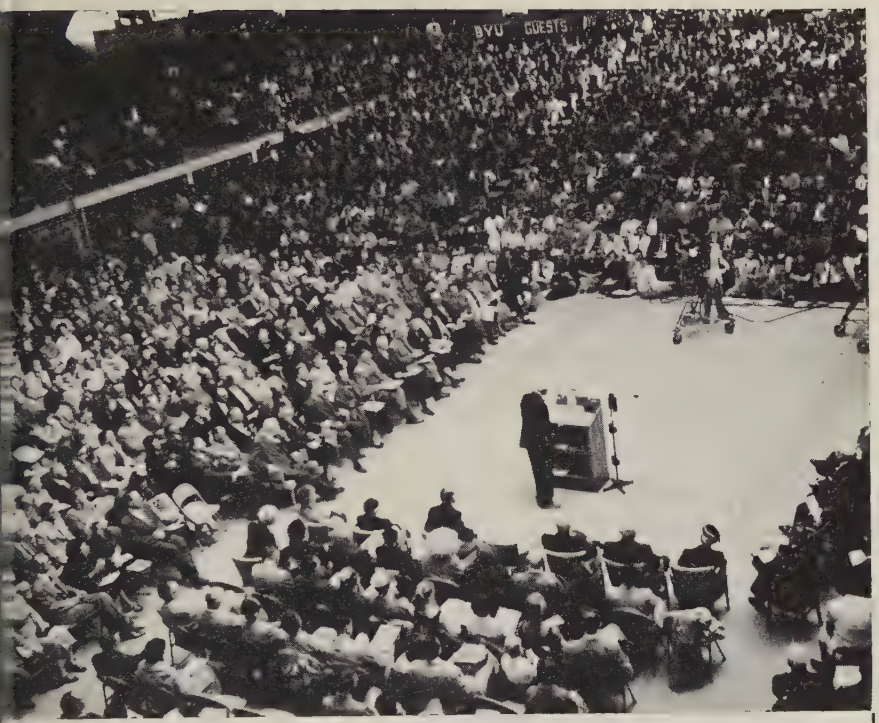
419 "The Willow Song," Arthur Sullivan, (solo), Novello & Co. 22c

From *The Tempest*

520 "Where the Bee Sucks," Arthur Sullivan, (trio), Novello & Co. $1.00
11194 "Where the Bee Sucks," Arthur Sullivan, (solo), Novello & Co. $1.00
8028 "Honor, Riches, Marriage, Blessing," Arthur Sullivan, (duet), Novello & Co. 90c

MISCELLANEOUS

From *Love's Labor Lost*
1058 "Under the Greenwood Tree," Arthur Bergh, (quartet), H. J. Fitzsimmons Co. 20c
131-40758 "Under the Greenwood Tree," A. Buzzi-Peccia, (solo), Theodore Presser Co. 60c
131-40883 "When Daisies Pied and Violets Blue," Thomas Arne, (solo), Oliver Ditson Co. 50c



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12307 "Who Is Sylvia?" Franz Schubert, (duet or trio), Oliver Ditson Co. 15c.

From *As You Like It*
332-40092 "It Was a Lover and His Lass," Francis Collin, (duet), Oliver Ditson Co. 22c

Sonnet—"Shall I Compare Thee?" Wheeler Becket, G. Schirmer & Co. 50c

Four Shakespearean Songs, Bruce Montgomery, Novello & Co. $1.60.
"Full Fathom Five," from *The Tempest*
"Come Away, Death," from *Twelfth Night*
"O Mistress Mine," from *Twelfth Night*
"Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred," from *The Merchant of Venice.*

Four Shakespearean Songs, E. J. Moeran, Novello & Co. $1.60
"The Lover and His Lass," from *As You Like It*
"Where the Bee Sucks," from *The Tempest*
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"When Icicles Hang on the Wall," from *Love's Labor Lost.*

Note: The prices are subject to change at any time.
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Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

The following references are for Lesson 9, "Families Have Problems," for November 26, 1957, which appeared on page 562 in the August issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*:

1. "Youth and Morality," Delbert L. Stapley, *The Improvement Era*, December 1956, page 937.
2. Report on the National Conference on Juvenile Delinquency, 1954, Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington, D. C.
3. Characteristics of the Low-Income Population, 1955, Joint Committee on the Economic Report, 84th Congress, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.
4. "Leisure Time — A Blessing or a Blight?" Jessie R. Smith, *The Improvement Era*, May 1957, page 334.
5. "How Shall We Define Progress?" Bonaro W. Overstreet, *National Parent-Teacher*, May 1957, page 29.
6. "Why Parents Annoy Us," Florence A. Gritzner, *National Parent-Teacher*, May 1957, page 29.
7. "Can Poets Unseat the Comics?" Hal Conkey, *National Parent-Teacher*, February 1957, page 29.

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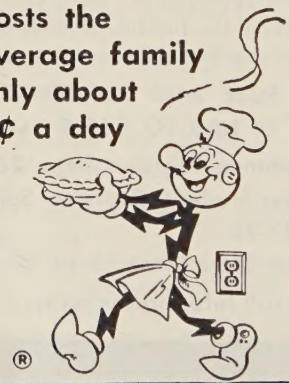

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Worship

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I look into the sky of stars
For dewy Venus, fiery Mars,
The Dippers, or the Pleiades—
The ones I know, I look for these;
And then at every point of light,
Opal-hued or diamond-white,
Countless, nameless—unto me—
The showcase of eternity.

And I am stunned each time I view
This vast display in vaulted blue,
And numbly seek to comprehend:
"Without beginning, without end,"
And the integrity and power
Of One who sets the course and hour
For each cool globe or orb of flame,
And knows his handwork, each by name.

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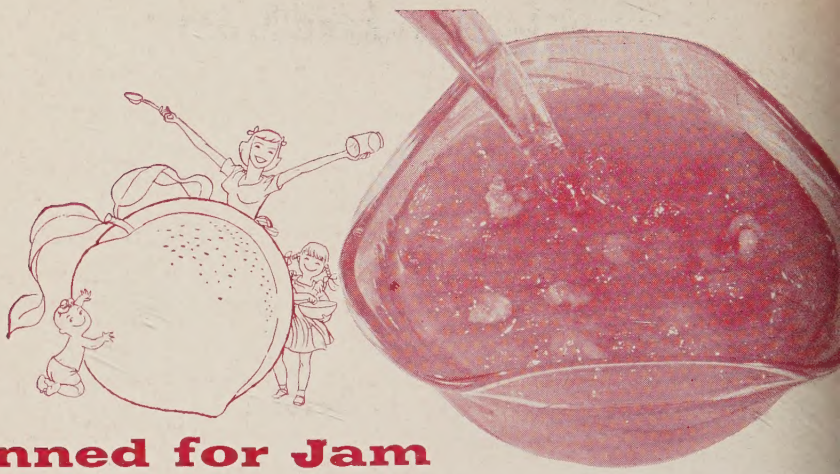

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